

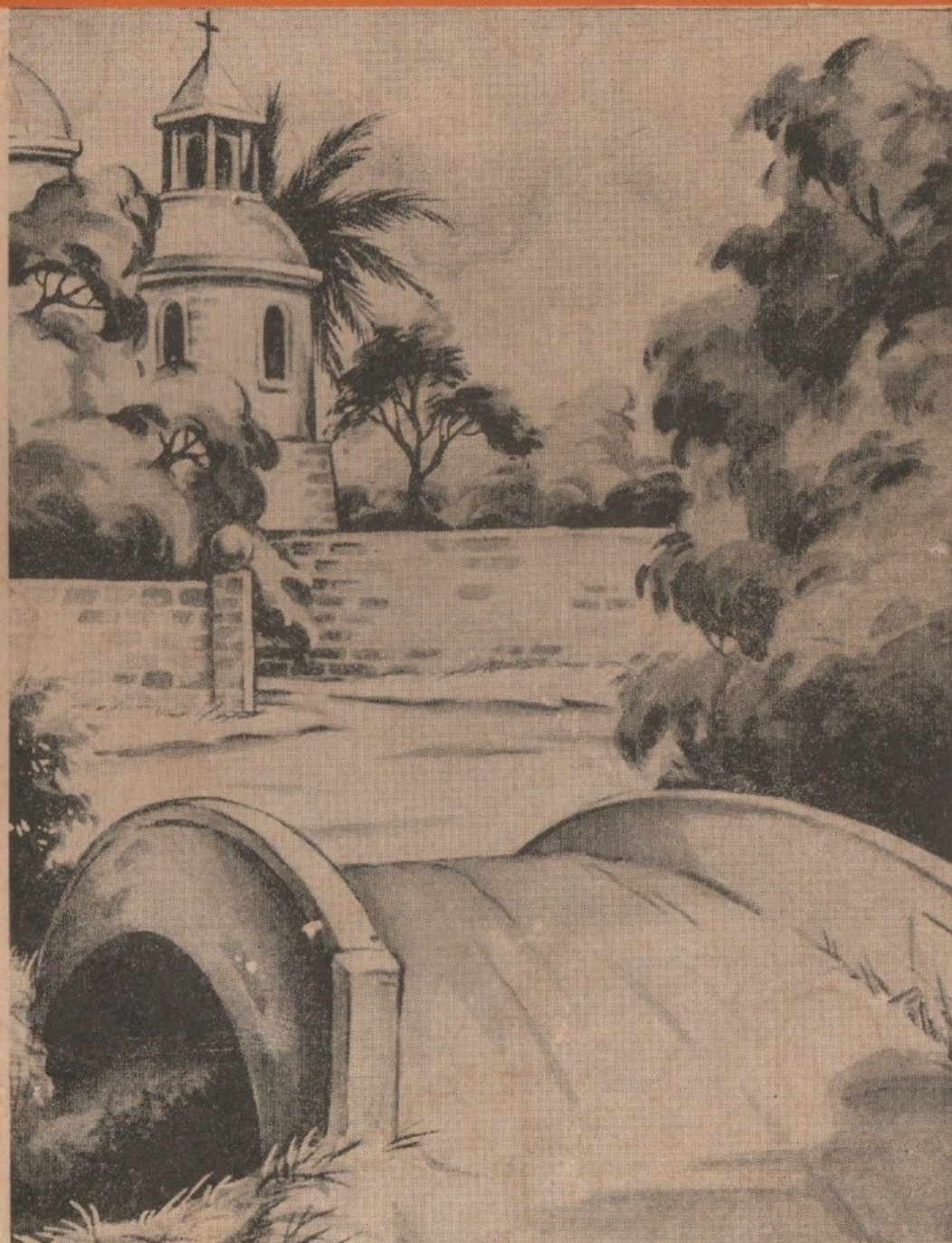
Fifth Year of Publication

No. 2

# Panorama

JANUARY, 1940

*The Philippine Digest of Good Reading*



## LEARN AND PREPARE

The World's Best Informed People • Incomparable Aspasia  
George Gallup: Fact Finder • Orgy in a Girls' Cam  
The One Man Hitler Fears • Baker's Son Leads Frar  
Famous Love Letters • Nehru of India • Floating J

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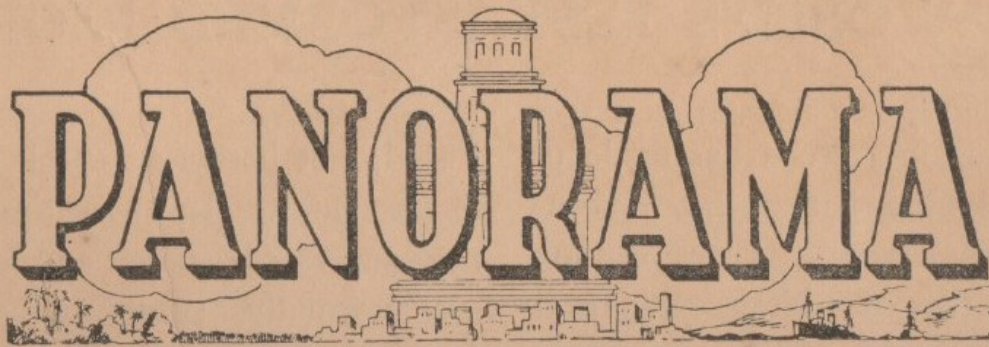
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## Learn and Prepare

I SUGGEST that you try to buy and read, but with a certain degree of critical sense, all the books that you can find there published about the Philippines. It is necessary that you study all the questions relative to our country. The knowledge of a thing paves the way to its mastery: knowledge is power. We are the only persons who may come to have a perfect knowledge of our country, because we know both languages and, moreover, we are acquainted with the secrets of the people in the midst of whom we are educated. The Spaniards will never come to know us well because they have so many things to worry about, they do not mingle with the people, they do not understand the language well, and they stay there for only a short time. The most that they can learn is what takes place in the offices, and that is not the country. Learn in order that when the hour comes, it will not find you unprepared.—*José Rizal to his friends in Barcelona, from London, 1889.*



†A truly free and intelligent press.

## THE WORLD'S BEST INFORMED PEOPLE

THE war in Europe has made us all thank God that we have no censorship in America. Every censorship—except of military and naval secrets—is a damage to a people because it limits their knowledge, contracts their vision, impairs their eyesight, and thereupon warps their judgment. Only full information can produce sound policy.

The United States today is the most fully informed country in the world. This is not simply a war-time condition. It is a condition that exists also during peace. Even when Europe has no wartime censor, we still exceed Europe amazingly in the length and breadth and depth of what we moderns call current information and what our ancestors even more rightly called current "intelligence."

This is because of the quite exceptional character of our newspapers, our news magazines, our digest magazines, our newsreels, our radio. Our newspapers, for fullness and freedom of news, greatly excel those of our fellow democracies, France and Britain.

I shall not bother to speak of the dictatorships. In peacetime the newspapers of France and Britain are normally substantially free from governmental interference. Yet they are really quite far from being as truly independent of all external influences as most of our newspapers here are.

In France—and I say it without any malevolence—the newspapers are largely organs of special political or economic groups. They operate as agents to express the views of those groups. Their main interest is not the news itself. Their main interest is their own interpretation of the news.

Our American newspapers are overwhelmingly independent institutions operated by their owners for purely journalistic purposes. American newspapers, it can be truly said, exist in order to be newspapers. It is charged against them that they are "commercial," that they exist in order to make money. Very well. What is the alternative? A newspaper must make money or else it must be subsidized. In many countries the



press is subsidized and reports the news as its subsidizers see it. In our country the press makes money and reports the news as it sees it with its own journalistic eyes. Which is better?

Every national capital sends news out to its country's newspapers. The news from Washington to the newspapers of the United States so far exceeds the news sent out from any other national capital to the newspapers within its national boundaries, both in bulk and in variety, that there is no real comparison. The Washington press gallery, both for number of correspondents and for intense active rivalry among them, is unique in the world. These correspondents include radicals, reactionaries, liberals, progressives, New Dealers, anti-New Dealers and conservatives. Some have moss on their backs and some have blood in their eyes. They all write every day and they all get printed somewhere. Their total is the truth.

This brings us to the basic reason why in the United States we get the truth. It is competition.

England has good newspapers but they are overwhelmingly controlled by a few groups of very rich men. They are bound to see

the news through those men's eyes; and those men, I repeat, are few. The owners of newspapers in the United States are many, and they are widely scattered over a vast country. They could not conspire together even if they desired to do so. The outcome is that errors by any element in our population—errors by business, errors by labor, errors by agriculture, errors by government—get printed in this country with a frankness that would make an English newspaper reader gasp.

The final proof indeed of the freedom and informational leadership of the American press is the fullness with which it prints those things that are not creditable to influential persons. Critical foreigners sometimes say that our newspapers are "scandal rags." That is, they print "exposures." They print "exposures" of politicians, of judges, of financiers, of labor leaders. Think it over. A "kept" press does not expose the iniquities of the powerful. A free press does.

And it prints these exposures—and also every other kind of news—from all over the foreign world. We need no longer have any feeling of inferiority toward the inha-



bitants of the Old World. Through our newspapers we know more about ourselves than they know about themselves, and through our newspapers we also know more about them than they know about us.

But this is not due only to our newspapers. It is due also to our other means of informational knowledge. For instance, we have produced in America a new type of news magazine. It appears sometimes in conjunction with newspapers and sometimes independently. It does not give itself to theorizing. It gives itself to straight reporting—topic by topic, incident by incident. It condenses the newspapers and it supplements the newspapers.

These news magazines are a distinctive American development. They are so much better than anything of the sort abroad that they are beginning to have a considerable number of foreign readers.

The same remark may be made about our digest magazines. They print excerpts and condensations of narratives and of thoughts. They, too, have a vitality and a vogue here that never has been correspondingly originated abroad. They carry the cream of the world's

events and comments each month to millions of American homes for a leisurely and considered reading.

Not long ago I introduced an American digest editor to a foreign diplomat from a far-away country. The diplomat brightened and said: "Why, I began subscribing to your magazine back home." We may explain America to our good friends the foreigners yet.

We are beginning to do the same thing through our newsreels. Our newsreel men cover the whole world with an adventurousness quite beyond that of most of their foreign colleagues. They give us the world's best pictures of world happenings. Their greatest merit, however, may turn out to be that some of their productions are starting to get a wide following abroad. A hundred and fifty years ago in the world of culture we did virtually nothing but import from Europe. Now we begin to be cultural exporters, in novels, in plays and also in current information in sober words and on the flashy screen.

We do it a bit by radio, too, but our main use of radio is of course for ourselves; and it is a use that sets our American radio triumphantly off from every other



radio in the world. We cannot too frequently or too proudly realize that broadcasting in the United States by far—*by far*—the world's least controlled broadcasting.

The Federal Communications Commission does not censor. It is forbidden by law to censor. Hence the American radio audience, more than any other radio audience in the world, hears all political parties and all political ideas with a fullness that is at times almost boresome; and it hears them from the uttermost reaches of the earth as well as from Washington. Foreign radio is always under governmental subjection.

So let us realize our responsibilities. Pretty soon we may again have to make great international decisions. Even remaining neutral, we may have to make momentous decisions that will profoundly affect the whole world's future.

We have the data. We have the raw materials for wise decisions. But there is one more thing needed. It is cool, calm thought.

Whether we remain neutral or enter the war, what sort of peace should America support as the outcome of it?

We are better qualified to give the answer than any other people anywhere. Our newspapers, our news magazines, our digest magazines, our radio broadcasts have prepared us. They have given us the truth more amply than any other people have the truth. A unique possession of truth imposes a unique duty. We ought now to be able to think better and more fruitfully and beneficially than any other nation.

Can we? Will we?—*William Hard, condensed from This Week Magazine.*

\* \* \*

### QUOTH "E"

PROF. (taking up quiz paper): "Why the quotation marks on this papers?"

STUDENT: "Courtesy to the man on my left."—*Medley.*



## INCOMPARABLE ASPASIA

IN a half circle, against a background of Olympian clouds, I see a lovely Greek. She steps forward, she raises her lovely arms, she smiles. Orators commence singing her praises; satirists ridicule her; philosophers consult her; the statesman turns to her with unfathomable questions. Is she a queen whose power extended from one coast to another, whose ships dotted the sea, and whose warriors peopled distant wastes? Did she trace her descent from the gods? Or was she at least the wife of a ruler or the mother of a poet? None of these. Her ancestry is unknown, as is also her real name. The dates of her birth and death are not known to a certainty. Not even the face that gave her her power is known, although many a marble head is supposed to represent hers.

She herself chose the name of *Aspasia*, the Beloved. Whether or not she actually came from Miletus to Athens, the daughter of a slave, nobody knows. It is only known that at the age of twenty-five, thanks to the charm of her mind and body, she was one of the cir-

cle of brilliant, audacious skeptics who existed in Athens at its prime. And here she met the man who at that time was on the threshold of great power.

He was Pericles, and he was probably twenty years older than she. Pericles had a wife and children but in ancient Athens the wife was confined to the house, and had no claims on the husband, while he had all rights over her. Marriage served for nothing but the production of pureblooded children. At this time—the fifth century B.C.—it was even a subject for ridicule that a great war had once been caused by the abduction of a king's wife. Wives lived in obscurity, without honor or position, without social pleasures and fine clothes. Meanwhile, other women who had captured the fancies of the Athenians displayed their beauty and wit, culture and charm at all the banquets for all the graces of art, love, conversation, and ironic discourse were expected of them.

Pericles, after meeting *Aspasia*, separated from his wife and began



a brilliant life with *Aspasia*. He remained with her, one might almost say under her influence, for twenty years, until the plague carried him off. Just as he was far and above the greatest Greek of his time, so was she the only Greek woman who was decidedly a match for him. A great man willingly grants this position to a woman, since she is not in competition with him. Could *Aspasia*, or any of the *Aspasias* who have followed her through the centuries, have interfered with the ambitions of a Pericles? No, they could act as nothing but a stimulus because they always strove to please him.

The importance of such a woman is that she existed—nothing more. In the morning she awoke thinking of her beauty; hours were spent in caring for it, for if she failed to please the man of her choice as a woman, all her influence vanished. Whenever he came to her with a question, all her own interests had to be laid aside. Since a woman's insight into humanity—especially the insight of a superior woman—is naturally greater than that of a man, Pericles involved in wordly entanglements, found her his natural adviser. The devotion of her love—his mastery and his

submission—bound the ties closer and closer over heart and mind, those ties which between friends of the same sex are so easily broken. And through one crisis after another a relationship gradually developed which vacillated constantly between mind and heart. Yet an ambitious man rarely concedes such an ascendancy to another man.

On arrival and departure Pericles always kissed *Aspasia* on the forehead, Plutarch informs us, and this is a symbol of their relationship. The fact that she induced him to enter the war against Samos, and even the Peloponnesian War, which destroyed Athens' power, is not necessarily against her. It merely demonstrates her influence in politics, for a Pericles does not permit himself to be influenced in such decisions by an ordinary woman.

And now let us follow the two friends to the *Symposium*. Here *Aspasia* plays the zither. And then a general conversation begins truly platonic in nature. *Aspasia* reposes on the divan beside the reclining men, talks with Hippocrates about medicine, with Phidias about art, with Anaxagoras about philosophy. Yes, even Socrates himself, who



both domestically and socially was not an admirer of women, had called himself her pupil only half ironically. Pericles' great funeral oration in the second year of the war was supposed to be her work.

But jealousy spread, and since it could not attack her powerful friend, it was directed against Aspasia. The scandal became courageous; an accusation against her was inevitable; she remained instead of fleeing. Pericles himself came before the judges in her defense. His tears evidently saved

her, perhaps also his prestige.

But not long afterwards, he himself was on trial. He was deprived of his office, his career was threatened, and, moreover, his two sons were taken away from him. And always the fearless woman stood close by to support him. But the reversal of Athenian favor, just as erratic and whimsical then as now, called him back. Finally the plague carried Pericles off, and Aspasia remained alone.—*Emil Ludwig, condensed from The American Magazine.*

\* \* \*

### HOAXED

AN enthusiastic politician was asked by his wife to lay aside politics long enough to dig up the potatoes in the garden.

He consented, and after digging for a few minutes went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it, and it proved to be a quarter. He put it in his pocket and went back to work.

Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off it and this time it was a fifty-cent piece. He put it in his pocket.

"I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife. "I think I'll take a short nap."

When he awoke he was not surprised to find that his wife had dug up the rest of the potatoes—and that she had found no coins!—*Kablegram.*



## HOLLAND: A PEACEFUL LAND

HOLLAND is a peaceful land with a mighty past. Motley, in his unsurpassed work on the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, sees three factors at work in the formation of the spiritual basis of the country. The sword was the first, and for a long time the only force. Then came clerical force, priest "craft," using the word in the old English sense of "strength," the power of mind matching itself against the sword. This was followed by the power of gold, "Commerce, the mother of the Netherland's freedom and eventually its destroyer." During this period silk makers, clothiers and brewers became the gossips of Kings.

The history of Holland falls into four periods. The first is from the end of the 9th century to 1428 when it was annexed to other States of the Netherlands under Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. The period of Burgundian supremacy was followed in 1579 by the Union of Utrecht which laid the foundation of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces. From 1579 to 1747 a radical

change passed over the land, it became monarchical in fact, though not in name. During the years between 1747 and 1795 it was subjugated by the arms of the French Republic but in 1813 a new era was commenced by the accession of a limited monarchy.

Holland has had a tempestuous history—great, far-seeing, freedom-loving figures have swept across its stormy stage. It early fought the fight for freedom, which, under another guise, is being refought to-day. It gave to the world the epic story of a struggle which lasted over forty years by means of which it emerged for a brief period as a first class power. It gave to Britain one great King, without whose fleet and military genius the heritage of freedom might have been forever lost in the country whose capital had heard the sound of Dutch guns thundering in the Thames, but whose naval progress finally wrested from Holland the mastery of the seas.

The great figure in the War of Independence which created the soul of the Dutch people was Wil-



liam the Silent. One of the enigmatic figures of all time, he stands as a triumphant vindication of the ability of one man to lift the thoughts and direct the energies of a nation.

For fifteen years before 1581 there had been a struggle for freedom of conscience and release from the unjust taxation Spain was exacting from the land. On July 29th of that year the United Provinces adjured the Sovereignty of Spain. This freedom was not finally recognised until the Treaty of Westphalia, Jan. 30th, 1648.

It was the German historian, Schiller, who wrote of the Netherlands' revolt: "One of the most remarkable political events which have rendered the sixteenth century among the brightest of the world's epochs appears to me to be the foundation of the freedom of the Netherlands."

The man who was the spearhead of this movement, William, Prince of Orange, was descended from the noble family of Nassau. He was twenty-three when Charles abdicated in favor of his son Philip, and the destiny of half the world was entrusted to one of the most bitter bigots of all time.

William of Orange was one of

those lean, pale men who "sleep not at night and think too much." The unvarying tranquillity of his bearing concealed a busy, ardent soul, an indefatigable mind. No one ever existed more apt than William at reading and winning men's hearts. He might have remained, unfathomed and unrecognised, had not the popular need made him a maker of the nation. The forces of repression were steadily extinguishing the last fitful lights of religious and political liberty. A conspiracy was commenced, the flame leaped up and after years of struggle, success came. The Netherlands were saved and in 1584 William was assassinated. The intervening years were full of strife, sacrifice and adventure. William's great position and remarkable character made him the soul of the revolt. Dutch cities were invested by the Spaniards; the country laid waste; the people exposed to all the horrors of war.

William did not die in vain. Within twenty years, the Dutch East India Company was founded, swiftly followed by the Bank of Amsterdam. Within the next hundred years came one of the romantic happenings of history that



linked the history of Holland with that of England and brought another maker of nations to the throne of Alfred.

In 1641 William, son of Frederick Henry, one of William the Silent's two sons, who had carried on the struggle against the Spaniard, married Mary, daughter of Charles I of England. This was followed, in 1677, by the marriage of their son, William, with another English Mary, also the daughter of an ill-fated Stuart, James II of England.

This William was a worthy descendant of his mighty ancestor. Great general, great diplomat, he was also great enough to win and hold the unswerving attachment of his wife, through whom, in 1689, he ascended the throne of England.

The Cambridge historian, G. M. Trevelyan, has devoted a book to this one year, 1688-9. Of William, he says: "William did not come over for love of England or for pity of her misfortunes. Neither the country nor its inhabitants made any appeal to his affections, which were all centred on Holland." Why then did he risk the safety of Holland and himself in what might well have proved a fatal throw in the most hazardous

adventure of crossing the narrow sea to challenge a King, who but three years before had crushed a rebellion with ease and severity?

He regarded his action as the only means of saving England and Holland from being engulfed by the rising tide of absolutism in Europe. The threat this time came not from Spain but from France. William knew it. His energy and skill were bent upon building up a great European alliance which might stem the tide. If, as Trevelyan says: "The war was won and lost in the camp at Salisbury, and in the mind and heart of James," the greater war of liberty was won in the undaunted heart of William III of England.

This does not end the tale of Dutch matrimonial alliance with the Royal House of England. After Marlborough's victories, Holland, exhausted, elected a *stadholder*, another William, this time a cousin of the previous one, who married George II's daughter Anne.

The modern Netherlands came into existence following the Napoleonic wars. Monarchy was established and after a brief period of



unhappy partnership with Belgium the country settled down to its present policy of peace. It cannot forget, however, the two great

characters who gave it so secure a place in the history of the nations. —R. K., *The Australian Digest of World Reading*.

\* \* \*

### I PITY THE TIME KILLER

TIME is a living thing. It moves, it breathes, it even speaks to us. It calls us insistently to some task, some endeavor. "Time, that aged nurse, rock'd me to patience," Keats wrote. Time, as a gentle nurse, is a beautiful figure of speech, or image. She soothes us mortal children, literally healing all our wounds and troubles; but she has to be loved in return. To waste one precious minute out of this teeming life we live—that is nothing to be proud of. "Now" is presently "past"; and once lost, that moment you killed can never come to life again. Rather, "catch time by the forelock" and see how much you can press into one fleeting, golden moment.

But do not confuse "leisure" with "idleness." Some of the busiest people in the world are accomplishing the most when they appear to be going about in leisurely fashion. The dreamers—the artists—these are not killers of time. They are utilizing the odd moments in preparation for crowded hours; thinking out what they wish to do; preparing the way for greater endeavor.

Every once in a while the normally developed person must get away by himself, in a space of large leisure, to consider his problems; to make plans for what he will next do. A brief period of withdrawal from the fret and strain of life is to attempt to follow those footsteps that led into Gethsemane; and in that garden once upon a time what a miracle was accomplished!—*Charles Hanson Towne, an excerpt from Your Life.*

\* \* \*



¶For the romantically inclined.

## FAMOUS LOVE LETTERS

THE art of the love letter has been affected by the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter and the whole tempo of our modern mode and manner of living.

But let us look at just a few of the love letters which have survived the centuries, some grave, some gay, others tender and delicate, some burning with passion. We cannot be better, I think, than to begin with a letter written by King Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn. Soon after coming to the throne of England, Henry, as you may remember, was forced to marry his brother's widow, the good and pious Catherine of Aragon. He neither loved her nor wished to marry her. She was simply not his type. But she became his queen. Then he met the dark and lovely Anne Boleyn, vivacious and accomplished, very much the modern girl of her times, and fell passionately in love with her. Here is a letter which he wrote to Anne when, for a while, she withdrew from the Court during the time he was busily engaged in divorce proceedings against Catherine of Ara-

gon.

"My Mistress and Friend," it begins, "I and my heart put ourselves in your hands, begging you to recommend us to your favour, and not to let absence lessen your affection to us. For it were a great pity to increase our pain, which absence alone does sufficiently, and more than I could ever have thought, bringing to my mind a point of astronomy, which is, that the farther the Moors are from us the farther, too, is the sun, and yet his heat is the more scorching; so it is with our love, we are at a distance from one another, and yet it keeps its fervency, at least on my side. I hope the like on your part, assuring you that the uneasiness of absence is already too severe for me; and when I think of that which I must of necessity suffer, it would seem intolerable to me, were it not for the firm hope I have of your unchangeable affection for me; and now, to put you sometimes in mind of it, and seeing I cannot be present in person with you, I send you the nearest thing to that pos-



sible, that is, my picture set in bracelets, with the whole device, which you know already, wishing myself in their place, when it shall please you. This from the hands of

“Your servant and friend,  
“H. REX.”

The world to-day is a happy hunting ground for dictators. England had her growing-pains of dictatorship three centuries ago, when Cromwell ruled with Ironsides and an iron hand. Of Cromwell's love letters to his wife only three survive, and one only written by her to him.

“My life is but half a life in your absence,” she told him in this letter, sent to him while he was “badgering” the Presbyterians in Scotland.

“You are dearer to me than any living creature: let that suffice,” he wrote to her after the battle of Dunbar. His letters are simple, tender and, though Puritanical in tone, are neither preachy nor starred with appropriate religious texts, according to the custom of his time.

Perhaps one of the most famous love letters of history is that which Nelson wrote to Emma Hamilton on board the *Victory*, “October

19th, 1805, Noon,” before the battle of Trafalgar.

“My dearest Beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom. The signal has been made that the enemy's combined fleet are coming out of port. We have very little wind, so that I have no hopes of seeing them before tomorrow. May the God of Battles crown my endeavours with success; at all events, I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my life. And as my last writing before the battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle. May heaven bless you prays your

“NELSON AND BRONTE.”

He did not live to write to her again. Two days later he was among the immortals, having left his “dear Lady Hamilton” as a legacy to his king and country. Nine years after his death, debts, creditors and the fear of imprisonment drove Emma to seek sanctuary in France. And there, the following year she died and was buried in Calais.

As famous as Nelson's love letters to Emma Hamilton are those of Napoleon to Josephine. Napo-



leon met the widow of the Vi-comte de Beauharnais when he was a general in Barras' Army of the Republic. Josephine was a Creole, born on the island of Martinique, fascinating, brilliant and very gay. Napoleon fell in love with her and they were married in 1796, just before he set out for his great campaign in Italy. In the years that followed she shared all his triumphs, eventually being crowned Empress with him in Notre Dame Cathedral in 1804. But Josephine had given Napoleon no children, and in 1809, desiring an heir and wishing to unite himself with the House of Hapsburg, he divorced her and married Marie Louise, the daughter of the Emperor Francis. Josephine died in the year that Napoleon was sent to Elba. Here are two extracts from letters which he wrote to her soon after their marriage, while he was on his Italian campaign in 1796:

"My love," runs the first, addressed to the Citoyenne Bonaparte, "I feel the want of consolation that is to be obtained by writing to you, to you alone . . . Soul of my existence, write to me by every courier, otherwise I cannot live . . ."

And here is the second: "I got your letter, my beloved; it has filled my heart with joy . . . Ever since I left you I have been sad. I am only happy when I am by your side. Ceaselessly I recall your kisses, your tears, your enchanting jealousies; and the charms of the incomparable Josephine keep constantly alight a bright and burning flame in my heart and senses . . . Ever since I have known you I worship you more every day . . . Ah! pray let me see some of your faults; be less beautiful, less gracious, less tender, and especially, less kind; above all never be jealous, never weep; your tears madden me . . . Be sure that it is no longer possible for me to have a thought except for you . . . Millions of Kisses . . . BONAPARTE."

One of the most beautiful of love stories is that of Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of India, and Marian Imhoff, who divorced her husband, Karl von Imhoff, the artist, so that she might marry Hastings, whom she had met on a voyage to India. Their love and their marriage is one of the great romances of the world. She was his adored and his inspiration, and "to the end of his life her beauty, charm and vivacity



remained his pride and delight." Here are two extracts from letters which he wrote to her when, fearing the havoc that the Indian climate was playing with her health, he persuaded her to precede him to England and remained behind to battle through his last year of governorship.

"I followed your ship with my eyes until I could no longer see it," he wrote to her after she sailed, "and I passed a miserable day with a heart swollen with affliction and a head raging with pain . . . Yesterday I held in my arms all that my heart holds dear, and now she is separated from me . . . I love you by far more than life, for I could not live but in the hope of being once more united to you . . ."

And again, at a later date: "I miss you every instant and incident in my life and everything seems to wear a dead stillness around me; I come home to solitude; I see a crowd in my house and about my table, but not the look of welcome which used to make my home a delight to me; no Marian to infuse into my breast the fullness of content and make me pleased with everybody and everything about me . . ."

My last choice of letters, and

probably the most famous in the domain of English love letters, are those of the Brownings, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett. It was when the Barretts were already living in Wimpole Street that a cousin of Elizabeth's sent a recently-published volume of the poetess's work to Browning, whom she had never met but whom she greatly admired "as a poet. Browning wrote and told her how much *he* admired her work. A correspondence began between them and at last he called on her one day. He fell deeply in love with her and she with him. Finally, they were secretly married and, a week later, eloped to Italy. Here is a letter which Elizabeth wrote to her husband during this last week that she had, perforce, to remain under her father's roof before setting out for Italy with Robert, who was to make her life lovely and beautiful. The post-mark is September 14th, 1846, the day after their secret marriage.

"My own Beloved, if ever you should have reason to complain of me in things voluntary and possible, all other women have a right to tread me underfoot, I should be so vile and utterly unworthy. There is the answer to what you



wrote yesterday of wishing to be better to me . . . you! What could be better than lifting me from the ground and carrying me into life and the sunshine? I was yours rather by right than by gift (yet by gift also, my beloved!); for what you have saved and renewed is surely yours . . . Dearest, in the emotion and confusion of yesterday morning, there was yet room in me for one thought which was not a feeling—for I thought that; of the many, many women who have stood where I stood, and to the same end, not one perhaps, since

that building was a church, has had reasons strong as mine, for an absolute trust and devotion towards the man she married—not one! . . . I sit in a dream when left to myself . . . I feel happy and exulting to belong to you, past every opposition, out of sight of every will of man—none can put us asunder now.”

The marriage of the Brownings was ideally happy. She was the inspiration of most of his poetry. —*Annette Joelson, condensed from The Outspan, South Africa.*

\* \* \*

## MISTAKES AND GROWTH

OUR nautical ancestors, who were conscious of their limitations, used to say that they sailed “by God and by guess.” We have passed beyond that point, but only to a very limited extent. We still have to do a great deal of “guessing” and many of us are beginning to suspect that we have not yet quite reached the point when we can leave the Lord entirely out of our calculations.

And so we shall continue our voyage, but all of us would be a great deal better off if we could only realize that the mistakes we make are an unavoidable and integral part of our growth and that they count for nothing so long as we have the courage to confess that we have been wrong and that there is only one thing we can do. It is this: we can begin again and try to do better on the basis of our previous errors.—*Hendrik Willem van Loon, in The Rotarian.*



## GROTIUS: INTERNATIONAL SOLON

IN THESE days of international warfare, Machiavelli is a household name. Hugo Grotius, on the other hand, was a man of peace, an intellectual genius, a poet and a jurist as well as a diplomatist, sometimes known as the father of international law. But the average man has never heard of him. "The evil men do live after them—"

Yet Grotius' contribution was not interred with his bones. He was among the first to condemn war as "brutish" and to inveigh against it as an all-important instrument of national policy. His great work, *The Rights of War and Peace*, helped—until the other day—to take much of the needless cruelty out of European warfare.

Hugo Grotius, or Hugo de Groot in Dutch, his native tongue, was born in Delft on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1583. He came of good family, and at a very early age displayed such precocity that he was soon recognized as a prodigy. He was sixteen years old when he took the oath as lawyer and began to plead before the high-

est tribunals of the country.

The young Grotius spent the fall of 1604 and the spring of the following year in working out *De Jure Praedae*, or "The Law of Spoils," but he did not publish it. Then at twenty-four he was called to the attorney-generalship of his country and, financially secure with the stipend he was paid, he married and settled down.

Later, his country's difficulties in maritime commerce led him to go over his *De Jure Praedae* and to decide to publish chapter twelve of the manuscript. It appeared as *Mare Liberum* or "Freedom of the Seas." Here Hugo Grotius enunciated one of the most important international doctrines:

It is legal for any people to trade with any other people, said Grotius. Navigation is free to all because the air and the ocean, the media penetrated in the course of navigation, are by nature free and the property of no one country. Nor can trade be reserved by title. For trade has no body and therefore cannot be possessed.

At the time, although acclaimed



as the greatest genius in Europe, Hugo Grotius became involved in a religious controversy. The issues affronted men in high places and in 1618 Prince Maurice, active head of Holland, had him arrested at The Hague. The most brilliant mind in Europe was condemned to perpetual imprisonment and his estates were forfeited. On June 6, 1619 the gates of Loebestein, his prison, closed Hugo Grotius.

In this prison he wrote, first in Dutch and later in Latin, his *The Truth of the Christian Religion*, one of his most renowned works. Here he also composed his *Introduction to the Jurisprudence of Holland*. He translated from Euripides. He annotated Seneca's tragedies. As far as he could he lived at Loebestein the life of the scholar and thinker that he had been before his arrest.

On March 22, 1621, Hugo Grotius was safe in Antwerp. He had made his escape from Loebestein, with the aid of his wife, and now Grotius went to Paris. The King of France graciously gave him both a pension and a safe conduct and the jurist started upon a new career. In 1623, living in the French countryside, he began his

greatest work, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, or "The Rights of War and Peace." The dreadful Thirty Years' War, fought largely on religious grounds, was then raging in Europe.

In June, 1625, more than a century after Machiavelli's *The Prince*, that cold-blooded credo for men of ill-will, Grotius' *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* was published. It consisted of three parts: the first dealt with the right of war and with the different kinds of war; the second was concerned with the various causes of war; the third discussed the course of war, what is permissible in the name of conflict and what cannot be held permissible, and the conventions and treaties by which war is ended.

The book was not entirely original with Grotius, any more than *The Prince* was completely original with Machiavelli. What was important about Grotius' work was that it was written to check Europe's apparently insatiable lust for war, that it pointed the way to a "code," a system of international "ground rules" in warfare, that it dealt a blow to the theory that "All's fair in war." As such it was the first great challenge to the Machiavellian philosophy.



It is difficult to prove that the book had an immediate effect upon the warriors of Europe. But the work was read and discussed in the chancellories of the continent and it did begin to affect the conduct of warfare. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, "the lion of the North," greatly admired Hugo Grotius and when he was killed in 1632 was reported to have had with him a copy of *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*.

When Hugo Grotius was born his country had been at war; when he died on August 29, 1645 it was still engaged in its struggle for complete freedom. When he was born the sacking of cities, the slaughter of prisoners, the rape and massacre of non-combatants, and the violation of sacred treaty promises were almost everyday occurrences; when he died it was still common practice, but a few leaders were quoting Grotius and beginning to grumble against the ignoring of the so-called rules of war.

There was no overnight reform but the suggestion that even warfare must abide by a code did take seed. In time it flowered in more humane treatment of the vanquished, in special consideration for non-combatants, in the covenants against particularly cruel forms of warfare. True, the War to End Wars, 1914-18, failed to abide by all the rules—the Kellogg-Briand Pact became a scrap of paper, the League of Nations was betrayed, and the Italo-Ethiopian and Spanish civil wars were fought with fine disregard for humanitarian principles. So, too, the Sino-Japanese War and the second World War which are raging today. But the largest part of the civilized world is heartily ashamed of such barbarity, and to that extent at least Grotius' work has not been undone. Admittedly this is a day when Machiavelli is the better known, but perhaps Grotius' day is still to dawn.—*Louis Zara, Coronet.*

\* \* \*

### DON'T MENTION IT

"Pardon me for walking on your feet."

"Oh, that's O. K. I often walk on them myself."

—*Yale Record.*



## ORGY IN A GIRLS' CAMP

ALTHOUGH the war is the major topic of conversation in Berlin's cafe's, there are still Germans who haven't forgotten the tragedy of Elizabeth Baumann.

Her case sheds new light on Hitler's much-vaunted "Strength through Joy" movement. In the past the average young Nazi who belonged to the movement, hoped that he would be sent on a camping or walking holiday, says *The Leader*, London. Why? Because in this manner he would, in nine cases out of ten, find his camp placed within a few miles of one of the Girls' Work Service Camps.

Very romantic you may think. Quite natural that a healthy young man should desire the company of the opposite sex. Yes? Then just listen to the case of Elizabeth Baumann.

Elizabeth was a pretty blonde, a Munich girl, happy and contented when she left her home-town after one year in a university to attend her Work Service Camp.

Not a mile from this Work Service Camp there was the inevitable holiday camp of storm-

troopers, under their captain, Count Rudolf Rockwitz. This captain and his companions spent much of their time in the village inn, drinking, boasting, and quarrelling. One hot evening in August, 1937, thirty of them marched drunkenly out of that inn and drove up the hill to the Work Service Camp.

The barracks were in darkness, the girls all asleep, exhausted after a day's hard work. The storm-troopers burst into the dormitories and aroused the girls from their beds. Without giving them time to dress, the men lined up the girls and slowly went down the ranks, each picking out the girl that took his fancy.

The Count chose Elizabeth Baumann.

When the noise of the storm-troopers' cars had died away the rest of the girls crept back to their beds without protest.

In February of last year Elizabeth's term in the Silesian Work Service Camp was over and she returned to her parents in Munich. Letters from Work Service Camps



are rare, and parents often lose touch with their children for the whole year.

The two Baumanns knew nothing of the revolting adventure that had befallen their young nineteen-year-old daughter.

That is, until three months later, when she became a mother.

Elizabeth had her fiancé. When he heard her story he went straight to Count Rockwitz and shot him. Having done that, he went to the police. Rockwitz, however, was not dead, only badly wounded.

The authorities tried hard to keep the case a deep secret, and, indeed, the foreign Press heard little of it. Only Britain's outspoken *Manchester Guardian* printed a report.

The trial was a travesty of justice, of course. The Count, a newly-made major, sat surrounded by his friends, smilingly confident.

The bestial attacks of thirty storm-troopers on as many helpless German girls was ignored by the court. The young man was convicted. The trial was over.

But as the court rose to leave, Elizabeth Baumann sprang to her feet with flashing eyes, and, pointing an accusing finger at the smiling Rockwitz, she cried, "Aren't you going to sentence *him*? I demand that Count Rockwitz be punished for his assault on me. I demand the punishment of the twenty-nine drunken storm-troopers who came with him to our Work Service Camp on the night of August 16th, 1937, and attacked other girls.

"Don't you know that the whole country whispers about the 'Strength Through Joy' movement, and about the Work Service girls who are sentenced to supply the 'joy'?"

She got no further.

Count Rockwitz raised his hand, and four storm-troopers ranged themselves on either side of Elizabeth Baumann and escorted her from the court.

She was never heard of again.

But early this year a Munich citizen stumbled across the dead body of Count Rockwitz as it lay in the gutter. *Someone* had seen justice done.—*Parade*.

\* \* \*



## JAPAN'S MONEY BARONS

JAPAN is overpopulated and lacks natural resources. She has to import one-third of the raw materials she needs in industry and agriculture. In spite of general poverty, there is a family in Japan which is undoubtedly one of the richest in the world, with a larger income than that of any Indian potentate, and it is claimed by some observers, even wealthier than America's famed multi-millionaire Du Pont family.

The Mitsui family's immense financial and commercial interests spread far beyond the boundaries of Japan. They possess scores of iron works, coal and ore mines, steamship companies, silk factories, warehouses, stores, banks, cotton fields, rubber, tea and tobacco plantations, paper factories and other undertakings.

The economic development of the Mitsui family is almost identical with that of Japan, so close are the two interlinked. The first Mitsuis mentioned in the family history lived about the time of the discovery of America (1492). Two hundred years later, Hachi-

robei I, then head of the family laid the foundation of the family fortunes. Not content with the coin of the realm, he created his own money. These silver and gold pieces were accepted without question by everybody with whom he transacted business.

In the sixteenth century the Mitsuis built their first headquarters and warehouses in Tokio. Already in the eighteenth century, when no other firm in the Far East even heard of the double-entry bookkeeping, the Mitsuis used that method. In the same century, when hygienic conditions in workshops were unknown in Europe, the Mitsuis introduced sanitary regulations in their undertakings. Employees had their own canteens, where wholesome food was served; they had frequent rest intervals during the working day and a short holiday every year. These welfare measures were adopted in Europe at a much later date.

To this day the Mitsui concern is run on progressive lines of social welfare. The ablest employees receive a share of the firm's profits



if a certain surplus is reached. Thus every workman knows that he may earn a bonus. Employees are only rarely dismissed and then only for a serious breach of discipline. The Mitsuis provide generously for the families of deceased workmen. This is the reason why discontent or strikes never occur among the 80,000 workers of the Mitsui undertakings.

"Kyoson," meaning "mutual help," is the family slogan handed down for many generations. On the whole, the Mitsuis have lived up to this slogan. By reconciling their capitalistic aim with social considerations they have succeeded in building up a vast fortune.

Owing to the wide ramifications of their business, every branch of Japan's commercial and industrial life comes under the Mitsuis' influence. Needless to say, they control also the armament industry. Consequently, the Mitsui family is one of the most powerful factors that direct Japan's internal and foreign policy.

Yet the members of this immensely rich family have less freedom than the poorest Japanese. Family traditions govern the lives of every member. Their marriages are arranged by the head of the

family according to financial considerations. The family traditions even demands birth-control, holding that "Too many children are against the interests of the Mitsui family and should be avoided"—a notion which clashes with the average Japanese way of thinking. But the Mitsuis are different in many ways from the average Japanese.

There are other very rich families in Japan which play an important role in the economic and political life of the country. The Mitsubishi family built up Japan's shipping industry. The Sumimotos have been merchants and bankers since the middle of the last century; they financed the Japanese Government's armament and naval programme.

These three families together with perhaps a dozen others of lesser importance, control 70 per cent of Japan's capital. They have established Japan's world trade in an amazingly short time. They have founded her banking, commerce and industry and own the whole of the country's natural resources.

It is they who really govern the country and dictate the policy, both in internal and foreign affairs.—*Michael Lorant, in Parade.*



## GEORGE GALLUP: FACT FINDER

GEORGE GALLUP, at thirty-seven, is a one-man bridge between the business and academic worlds. His famous polls succeed because they are based on facts which, until he came out of Iowa, had been molding for decades in the stacks of college libraries. As research director of Young and Rubicam's large advertising agency, he commands a salary which is beyond the modest dreams of college professors. As a Doctor of Philosophy, a former professor of journalism, and head of the American Institute of Public Opinion, he carries an aura of the higher learning impressive to businessmen.

Hearty, black-browed, dynamic, young Gallup sits today at any one of the three executive desks he calls his own, and is surprised to be told that he made his success while millions of his contemporaries were proving to their parents the impossibility of landing jobs.

Dr. Gallup has the Westerner's bluff contempt for tradition and red tape, the farm boy's indifference to dress. His rapid thinking is synchronized to the chewing of

a dead cigarette. His knowledge of social psychology, gained behind college walls, is still serving him in directors' meetings, where he dissipates tension with quick humor and tolerant concessions.

He is popularly known as the man who showed up the *Literary Digest* poll. He predicted the second Roosevelt landslide with surprising accuracy, but such prophecies are, to him, useful only as checks on the efficiency of his methods. Few of his tests of public opinion can be checked at the polls.

No psychologist preaching the values of self-confidence should overlook this young whirlwind. In his junior year at the University of Iowa his pattern had already been formed. He appeared before a publications committee to plead for the job of editor of the undergraduate newspaper, a two-page periodical that came out twice a week. The traditional argument would have stressed his good marks, his exemplary conduct.

But George Gallup had found out how Big Business sells things. He handed the amazed committee



an elaborate "presentation" of the kind of newspaper he would run, complete with costs, advertising rates, editorial policies.

"Do you mean you'd have an eight-page paper every day?" asked an awed committee member.

"No," he said. "Often it will be twelve or sixteen pages."

Business principles were a refreshing novelty in a college atmosphere. Later, George Gallup was to feather his nest by reversing the procedure, to startle business men by applying to their problems the statistical knowledge that all professors of mathematics share.

The Gallup career hovered between the two worlds for several years. After his graduation he became head of the Drake University Department of Journalism, with an almost indecent speed. He won his doctor's degree with a thesis on "A New Method of Measuring Reader Interest in Newspapers." His gifts made him acceptable to classrooms and offices alike. It was inevitable that, in time, the office should outbid the classroom.

Where older investigators had trusted the audited circulation figures, and prayerfully assumed that every subscriber read every item to

the end, Mr. Gallup went out into the "field." He picked scores of the newspaper's readers and went through the day's edition with them, saying, "Did you notice this story? Did you read it?"

It was a ridiculously simple method, but it soon attracted customers for the Gallup technique. The *Kansas City Star* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* were among the first to ask him to survey their readers. Dr. Gallup had, as equipment, a knowledge of cross sections in the population which few editors shared with him. He knew—as they did not—how many readers must be polled to get an accurate picture of the entire circulation, and what the percentage of error would be if 10,000 were polled, or 1,000, or 25.

This method has revealed some extraordinary facts about the habits of newspaper readers. It has shown, for instance, that only one person out of three follows a front-page story to the inside page on which it is continued; that an inside black and white page of a Sunday newspaper is read by only one person out of three buying the paper; and that only 13 per cent of the readers notice a picture, news story, or feature



on such a page below the fold. In a daily newspaper, fewer than 10 per cent of the readers notice any item appearing on an inside page below the fold.

These facts might have been obtained by editors long before Dr. Gallup came out of the West. But they distrusted the reactions of a single individual whom they might poll. It is not the least of Dr. Gallup's achievements that he has proved that the opinions of a relatively small number of people can accurately reflect the views of the whole population. Older "straw votes" depended upon immense size for their success, and neglected the important matter of cross sections. Mr. Gallup turned to the mathematical findings of Professor Theodore Brown of Harvard University, who has established that a random sample of 900 cases will be accurate within 5 per cent, if opinion is divided evenly, and that if it is divided 80 to 20, then 576 cases will be enough. This is true of either black and white beans, well mixed in a barrel, or of Democrats and Republicans on their way to the polls.

This small sampling is still the technique used by Dr. Gallup and his associates today. Since 1931,

he has used it to test the value of advertisements run by Young and Rubicam. He has helped mold it to the needs of radio: the system of telephoning radio-owners, picked at random, and asking them what program they are listening to is application of the plan.

The Gallup organization is the American Institute of Public Opinion, which supplies the results of nation-wide pools to sixty daily newspapers, three times a week. The Institute is manned by literate, faintly academic men, some of whom have been associated with Dr. Gallup since his early Iowa days. The Institute surveys matters of live news interest and serves the important purpose, to Dr. Gallup, of keeping his field organization intact. Six hundred part-time investigators, trained in his methods, do the questioning; as a result of this, a special poll can be effected, by telegraph, within forty-eight hours.

The investigators approach unknown persons in their homes, in their offices, on the streets. They are carefully pro-rated to the importance of their group in the community. If a town has 10 per cent of its citizens on relief, every tenth person queried must be a relief re-



ipient. *Which* relief recipient is left to the choice of the investigator.

Six controls are used, to make sure that the Institute will not fall into the embarrassing error made by the *Literary Digest*, which sampled mainly owners of automobiles and telephones and therefore got a misleading proportion of upper-class opinions. Any sample conducted with the Institute must have the correct proportion of: 1) voters from each state, 2) men and women, 3) farm voters, small town voters, city voters, 4) voters of all age groups, including those who have reached voting age since the last election, 5) voters of above average, average, and below average incomes, as well as persons on relief, 6) Democrats, Republicans, and members of the other political parties.

These polls have uncovered some exceedingly interesting facts about the viewpoint of the average American today. This average American favors sterilization of the hopelessly insane (84 per cent); legalization of birth control information (70 per cent); he opposes merely killings (54 per cent); does not want easier divorce laws (77 per cent); would not go

to Europe by plane, even if all his expenses were paid (62 per cent).

The political pools have aroused the greatest public interest. Dr. Gallup is proud of having forecast the results of the Roosevelt-Landon election with striking accuracy, and of having predicted the results of the Maine Sales Tax Referendum, the New York mayoralty election.

From the Institute's five hundred-odd polls, a few general conclusions are beginning to emerge. One is a refutation of the old belief that many voters shift to the winning side at the last moment.

"In the past few years," says Mr. Gallup, "there have been some striking examples in which little or no shift of voters has followed publication of returns from samples. Perhaps voters are not herded as easily as some observers believe. Possibly, even sampling referenda stimulate minority voters to re-examine the basis of their positions and re-assert their principles with ever greater conviction."

Dr. Gallup likes to quote the words of Lord Bryce, who said, "The obvious weakness of government by opinion is the difficulty of ascertaining it." That difficulty, he thanks, he has largely



removed.

He quotes Theodore Roosevelt: "The majority of the plain people of the United States will, day in and day out, make fewer mistakes in governing themselves than any smaller group of men will make in trying to government them."

The Gallups' social life is simple: He and his wife have no truck with café society. His drinking is largely confined to beer; his reading to such non-fiction best-sellers as *The Promises Men Live*

*By and Hell on Ice*. His home, a remodelled farmhouse, is handsomely Early American and his farm is his pet hobby and favorite extravagance; on it he grows wheat, alfalfa, soy-beans. No gourmet, he lunches in any convenient restaurant, usually on a sandwich. Were he less typically American in his tastes, it is doubtful whether George Gallup would have performed the work he has done.—*Gretta Palmer, condensed from The Commentator.*

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### AMERICA THINKS—

THAT if a candidate for office ever told the voters the truth, he would cease to be a candidate for office.

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THAT women are better drivers than men because they know what it is to have children.

\*

THAT engineers and scientists would make everyone happy and prosperous if they were in charge of the social system.

\*

THAT if birth control were legal, everybody would be happy and all our children would be relieved of doubt as to whether or not they were wanted.

\*

THAT if all the people in the world spoke the same language, they wouldn't fight any more.



## "A GOVERNMENT RUN LIKE HELL"

OVER in the Philippines they had an inter-university oratorical contest recently, sponsored by the Civil Liberties Union, and one of the contestants orated about the question of independence for the islands as against their retention by the United States. Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine government, was a guest of honor at the affair and when asked afterward as to some expression in regard to the question raised by this orator, said:

"I prefer a government run like hell by Filipinos to a government run like heaven by Americans."

Some people will feel that is silly talk. They will point out that the islands have made extraordinary progress under the guidance of the United States; progress that they never would have made had they remained under Spain. There is no doubt about it. Why, then, should any Filipino be so hot for self-government?

Well, to say the least this seems a queer sentiment from people who

are enjoying the blessings of the greatest nation on earth solely because George Washington and Ben Franklin and Sam Adams and Tom Jefferson and some other young fellows back in the middle of the eighteenth century made up their minds they would rather have the colonies run like hell by a home government than run like heaven by King George and the big wigs of London.

There is also the consideration that it just might be possible that the islands would not be run like heaven by the United States. It is even possible that they haven't been run in that exalted manner since we assumed charge even though progress has been notable. When we haven't been able to run our own government like heaven it is hardly conceivable we could accomplish anything like that for a foreign country.

The Philippines are to be given their final freedom in 1946. Here's hoping nothing interferes with that program. — *J o p l i n (Mo.) News-Herald.*



# Panorama of Philippine Life —



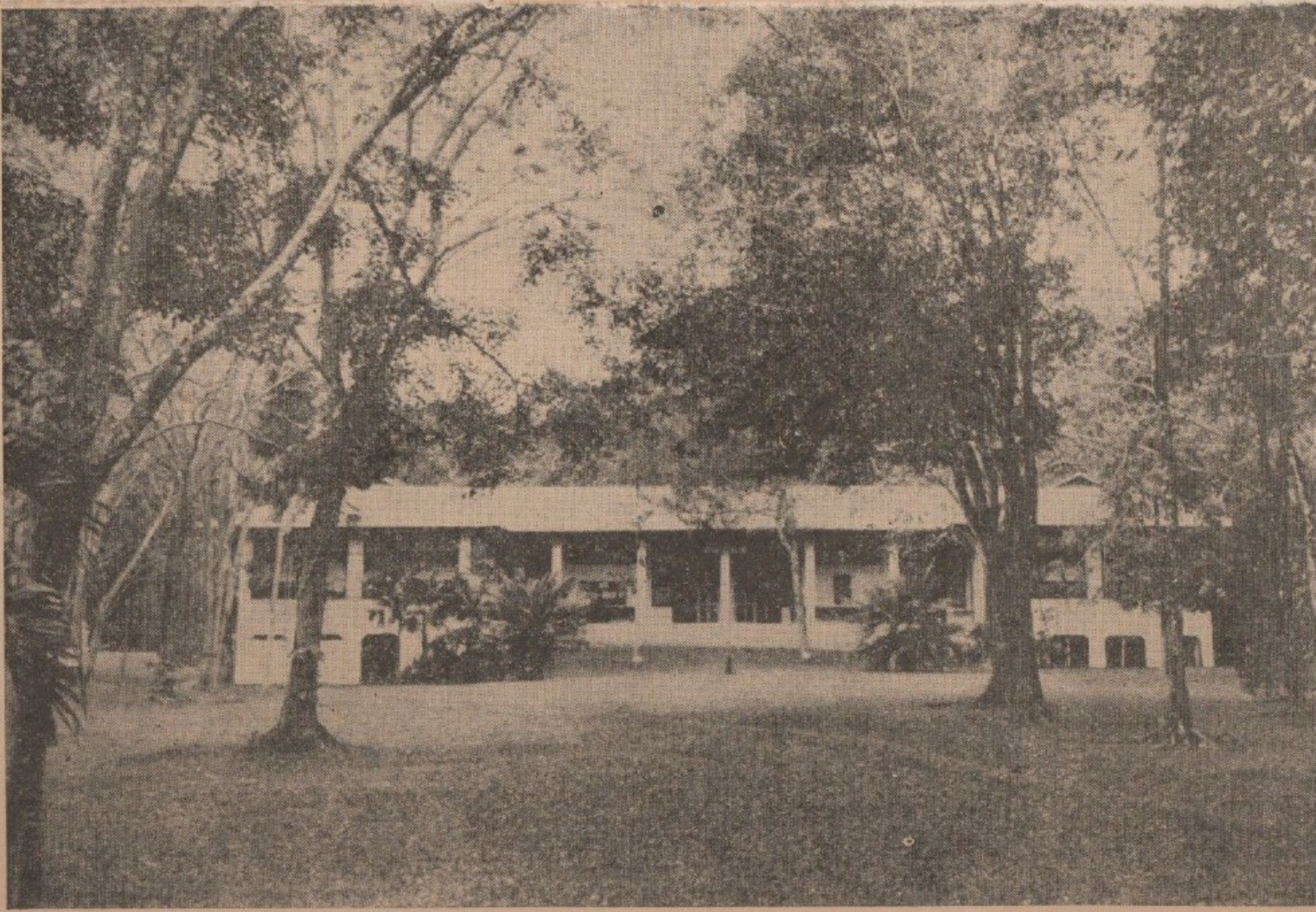
Sunset Shadows





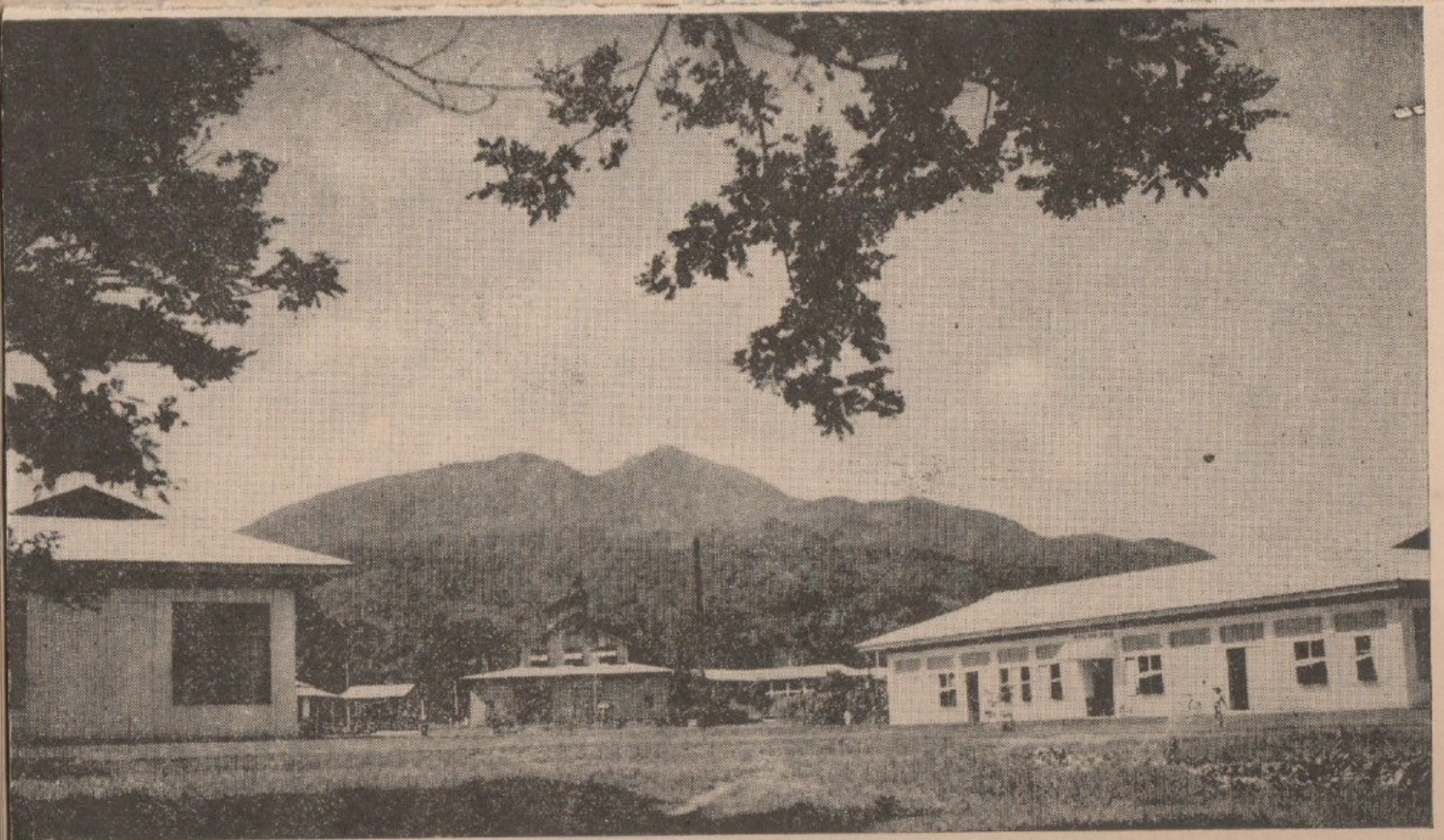
Philippine shoals





On the way to Mt. Makiling





Majestic Mountains



## RESURRECTED NAPOLEON NOVEL

IN his 26th year, Napoleon Bonaparte feared the sun had already set on his destiny. Although a general of brigade and something of a military hero for his exploits in Italy and at the siege of Toulon, the young Corsican had fallen under suspicion of counterrevolutionary plotting. He was taken off the active list for insubordination and his pay was stopped.

In the fall of that year, 1795, he returned to Paris, broke and homeless, ill from malaria and a case of the itch. He sold his possessions and wandered the streets, a stunted, yellow-faced figure, made more grotesque by his shaven head and dirty clothes.

To make matters worse, Napoleon was chafing from unrequited love. The object was the 16-year-old Désirée Clary, daughter of a rich Marseille banker. Her family, which had already given a daughter in marriage to Napoleon's brother Joseph, laughed at the poor suitor and told him "one Bonaparte was enough." The young lady broke the engagement. (She later married Bernadotte, one

of Napoleon's generals and sat with him on the throne of Sweden.) Napoleon, wild with grief, wrote her alternately boasting and abject letters, cursed his fate, and threatened to throw himself under the nearest wagon wheels. Instead, he wrote a novel.

A romance, titled "Clisson and Eugénie," this work was only published once—in a limited edition 100 years after it was written. The manuscript, thirteen close-written folio pages, was bought by a Polish collector in 1822 and was, until the recent bombing of Warsaw, in the Polish state archives. It has since disappeared.

Last December, the Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes* started to print, in excerpts, the novelette into which Napoleon had poured all his wish-dreams of glory and passion. Clisson, a thinly disguised, if idealized, Napoleon, is introduced as a brilliant young military genius: "While still adolescent, he reached high rank in the army. Fortune seconded his genius; victory succeed victory, and his name became known to the people as one



of their most beloved defenders." But Clisson had never found love, only glory. In high-flown paragraphs, Napoleon describes the young man's wanderings through midnight forests, pondering life and love.

Enter Eugénie (Désirée Clary was often called Eugénie), a soft creature of sweet simplicity, "like the song of the nightingale or a bit from Paisiello" (Napoleon's favorite composer). She succumbs to Clisson's "passion and inflexible will . . . his ardent imagination, heart of fire, clear reason, and stern spirit." The lovers become engaged and are alone for some hours. At this point there is

a tantalizing break in the narrative where some Grundyish person apparently tore several pages from the manuscript.

When the story resumes, the pair are married and have three children. They are still madly, jealously, in love, but when Clisson goes off to the wars again, his wife deceives him with his best friend. Discovering this infidelity, Clisson pauses, between victories, to write his wife a tender letter of farewell and forgiveness. Then, handing the letter to an aide de camp, he "put himself at the head of a squadron, charged head bowed into the melee, and expired pierced by a thousand swords."—*Newsweek*.

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### *SOLDIERS AS FLUTE PLAYERS*

WAR-BLINDED soldiers in Japan are being taught to play Shakuhachi, the classical Japanese bamboo flute, in order to enable them to earn a livelihood.

Each day teachers come to the hospitals in Tokio, and give lessons to the "boys in white," as they are called, because all Japanese war-wounded wear white kimonos, even when out walking in the streets.

The sound of the Shakuhachi is weird and in a minor key. Songs written for it are mostly songs of sadness—unrequited love or death being the usual theme. The Shakuhachi has been widely used for centuries in the orchestra at the Japanese classical "Noh" plays, the oldest form of drama still existing in Japan.—*Parade*.



He renounced wealth to lead his people.

## NEHRU OF INDIA

MEET Jawaharlal Nehru. This accomplished and sensitive Indian with the jawbreaking name is potentially one of the most powerful men alive. On his word largely depends the attitude of 350,000,000 Indians to the British Empire and the second world war. Nehru is several things. He is an Indian revolutionary educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He is the son of a distinguished family of Kashmiri Brahmans, which—transposing into American—means the son of Lowells or Roosevelts. He is a seventime jailbird. He is a discriminating and subtle-minded individualist who makes socialism the core of his faith. And he is the inevitable successor to Mr. Gandhi, the venerable Mahatma, as leader of the Indian nationalist government.

Nehru is steeped in the rationalism of the 20th Century. One of his tasks, difficult to the point of heartbreak, is to face the inordinate backwardness of India, its classes of myth and superstition, and bring it to the contemporary world. He fights not only the

British. He fights the entrenched ritualism of his own people. He is an agnostic, a rationalist, a reformer.

Yet he is not arid like most intellectual aristocrats and reformers. When he was last in England, he met the Archbishop of Canterbury. Afterwards the Archbishop is reported to have said: "Such a pleasant and agreeable gentleman! Who would imagine that he could shake up a continent!"

Politically Nehru holds no job at present, except that he is a member of the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress. But for ten years he was secretary general of the Congress, and he is the only man who has ever been its president three times. He could be president again any time he wished. The Indian National Congress is not a political party in the American sense. It is the mass organization of Indians who want emancipation from Britain, who want not merely dominion status but complete independence. It is analogous to the independence movement among the American



Colonies before 1776. Though it is predominantly Hindu, it includes Indians of various creeds and political complexion, and is overwhelmingly the most important political organization in India. Its Working Committee, of which Nehru is the guiding spirit now that Mr. Gandhi has become so old, is the executive force of Indian nationalism. The Congress controls eight of the eleven provinces of British India.

Jawaharlal Nehru was born in Allahabad on Nov. 14, 1889, of a high-caste Brahman family. As a boy, Nehru came strongly under British influence and indeed, to this day, he seems in some respects almost more English than Indian. He was brought up on Walter Scott and Dickens. He had an English tutor from his earliest days. He went to Harrow, and Cambridge probably affected him more deeply than Allahabad. He still speaks his own language, Hindustani, a trifle haltingly. But he speaks—and writes—English in a style which hardly a dozen men alive can match.

When Nehru returned to India, at 23, he was plunged into politics most at once. He couldn't have avoided politics anyway, since his

father was a dominant political figure. He met Gandhi and was deeply shocked by the tragic incident of Amritsar, when General Dyer ordered his troops to fire on a crowd of Indians, killing and wounding hundreds. This blot on England's record of humane rule was as widely regretted in England as in India. But shortly thereafter on a trip to Delhi, Nehru took the last upper berth on a sleeping car and awoke to find himself in a car full of British officers. Lying in his berth, he heard General Dyer boasting how he forced the Indians to crawl into Amritsar on their bellies, how he felt like burning the city to the ground but took pity on it. "I was greatly shocked," Nehru writes, "to hear his conversation and to observe his callous manner. He descended at Delhi station in pyjamas with bright pink stripes, and a dressing gown."

Nehru began to travel. Wealthy, cultivated, buttressed with every comfort as he had been all his life, he was appalled by his first real look at his native land. He saw his people so poor that they worked for 8¢ a day, so hungry and sick that they lived an average of only 25 years, so yoked by the Hindu



religion that they bowed down before cows and shunned their fellow men as untouchable. Like Buddha, he gave up everything he had known in life to explore both his own mind and the abysmal miseries of the humble.

Nehru joined Gandhi's civil disobedience and in 1921, along with hundreds of others who fought for the honor of being arrested, he went to jail. Between 1921 and 1934 Nehru spent five and a half years in jail in seven terms. Most of the time he was well treated but once he was handcuffed to a fellow prisoner for 24 hours in a hovel of a prison where rats crawled over his face as he slept. Confinement marked and pitted him deeply. He became more sensitive, more ingrown. But jail also gave him time to think, to develop his political philosophy. He saw that the Indian struggle had more than merely nationalist elements. He became convinced that imperialism was the basic enemy and that since British imperialism was a capitalist growth, he must attack capitalism too. He felt that British imperialism rested on economic as well as political exploitation. Therefore, to attack the British logically, he must be a socialist as

well as a simple nationalist revolutionary. This is the root of Nehru's creed.

Though he is a socialist, he is emphatically not a communist. He wrote once: "I am not a communist chiefly because I resist the communist tendency to treat communism as holy doctrine; I do not like being told what to think and do. I feel also that too much violence is associated with communist methods. The ends cannot be separated from the means."

Gandhi had great influence on him, especially through his development of the theory and practice of passive resistance. This seemed to Nehru a wonderfully noble doctrine, though now he does not feel that it is enough. Gradually he became Gandhi's indispensable second in command. He wrote, talked, traveled, organized. As secretary of the National Congress uninterruptedly for a decade, he helped shape that body into a competent organism. He came out for complete independence from Britain, not merely dominion status. This year he wrote the Congress "War Statement," protesting against the British declaration which bound India to the war without consulting Indian opinion.



Nehru was 50 this year. He is an extraordinarily handsome and magnetic figure. He is known to millions of Indians who have heard him speak from the remote forests of Assam to industrial slums south of Bombay. People call him *Bharat Ka Hriday Samrat*, Lord of India's Heart. On the other hand, he is distinctly not a man of the crowd. He is diffident in most human relationships, with a hatred of effusion. People must come a long way toward him, before he will budge an inch. He hates backslapping, he hates demagoguery. He has a horror of vulgarity, intellectual or otherwise.

Nehru's chief weakness derives from this. His predisposition to doubt, his fastidiousness and hatred of dogmatism, his hatred of hurly-burly, make him a bad politician sometimes. But his strength in various fields counterbalances this. He is an admirable organizer and administrator.

Nehru is a widower. His wife, who fought beside him in the civil disobedience campaigns, died after long years of ill health. He was released from his last imprisonment in order to visit her. She had been in prison too. Their only child, a 21-year-old daughter

named Indira, goes to school in England. Nehru's two sisters are both active in politics.

Nehru is much more normal in his personal life and attitudes than Gandhi. The Kashmiris are often meat eaters, and though he does not eat meat as a rule, he has none of Gandhi's religious horror of it. He smokes occasionally; when he is outside India he may even drink a little. He loves winter sports and swimming. He has little interest in money, so long as he has enough for books, travel and party work. His travels, like Gandhi's, have been epochal. In 1936-37 he traveled 110,000 miles in 22 months, making several speeches per day. Once he spoke 150 times in one week.

The single thing he likes best in the world, next to India, is probably English poetry. In his writings he quotes verse incessantly. After poetry, he likes mountains, glaciers, children, running water and almost all animals. The things he dislikes most are "exploitation, cruelty, and people who, in the name of God, truth, and the public good, are busy feathering their own nests"—that is, most politicians. He has no personal rancor toward the British.



On every holiday, he heads straight for England, and many British are his warm friends.

Nehru is not a messiah, like Gandhi, although India, out of its wretchedness, tends to make messiahs of all its leaders. Any messianic feeling would have been

quickly scotched by his wife and daughter who took to calling him around the home by the names the people used: "Oh Jewel of India, what time is it?" or "Oh Embodiment of Sacrifice, please pass the bread."—*John and Frances Gunther, condensed from Life.*

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### HYPOCRITICAL THIRTIES

THE Thirties were the decade of mushroom growth, betrayed opportunity, and anticlimax for labor the world over. As the decade opened, the first Labor Party government of any great nation, that of Ramsey MacDonald in England, was putting its eggs in the Tory basket. German labor placed itself in bondage to Hitler. Russian labor, always enslaved, helped Stalin enslave his peasants as well. Austrian labor was destroyed with the big cannon of little Dollfuss—but the same cannon boomed the death knell of his country. French labor developed the sit-down strike, chased the siren communism awhile, then with French conjugality plumped back into the familiar bed of nationalism. Japanese labor, gaga before the vision of imperial conquest, gave up its hard-won advances to toil twelve hours a day in munitions factories or die in the mud of China.

One great hypocrisy we did eliminate in the Thirties was Prohibition. Other hypocrisies are being cast off—for example, making things appear what they are not. Short stories had to read like articles, articles like fiction; heating stoves had to look like musical instruments; streamlining became a cover for hiding realities; salesmen and advertisers, as well as politicians, seemed possessed of a dread of presenting their goods in plain guise and plain words; radio became the mouthpiece of bundcombe. Our neutrality face is settling down into adaptation to realities. We spent oceans of ink and stratospheres of lung power building up that farce between 1935 and 1939. The Depression and dust storms taught our nation humility and foresight. Our bankruptcies taught soundness to our business.—*Upton Close, condensed from American Mercury.*



¶More dangerous than guns.

## FLOATING DEATH

MINES are about again, and once more the sea is full of floating death.

All through the last war I was running ships to and fro through seas that were thick with mines.

There were Allied minefields, with destroyers and patrol-boats guarding the entrances and exits—great areas of innocent-looking waves beneath which was hidden enough high explosive to sink a dozen Grand Fleets.

There were floating mines by the score and by the hundred.

There was nothing to warn the oncoming captain, as he stood on the bridge of his foodship, straining his eyes through the mist and spume; nothing—till a thunderous roar, a mighty volcano of water and debris, and a huge, gaping, jagged hole in his ship's iron side wrote finis to a big steamer and a cargo of important foodstuffs, and if he was very lucky gave him bare time to order away the boats.

Fifteen million tons of Allied and neutral shipping were lost during the last War, largely through mines. During the March-June

quarter of 1917 nearly 2,500,000 tons were lost.

An undersea mine carries about 300 lb. of high explosive. With the sunken it weighs a little short of 1,400 lb.

Delicate antennae up to seventy feet long or more rise from the mine. When a passing ship touches one of them there is a loud pop, and that is the end of a good ship and sometimes of a number of fine seamen.

The Germans last time used all their second-class submarines to creep about and lay floating mines. Also, a number of surface ships, most of them armed, used to run our blockade at nights and put down floating mines in steamship highroads, or anywhere where British warships might be expected.

Sometimes, as the black-painted minelayer tried to crawl, with engines barely throbbing, through the storm-ridden night, there was a sudden terrifying white pencil of searchlight across the waves, and a crashing battery of warship's guns sent thundering echoes over the leaping sea.



Then there was an even louder pop, as the minelayer and all aboard her blew up to glory. That was one up for us, and a few hundred cases of floating death the less for us peaceful merchant skippers to dodge.

But mines did us a lot of harm. It was a mine, for instance, that sank the *Hampshire* and drowned Lord Kitchener.

Fewer British warships were sunk by guns than by mines during the last War. But the boot was not all on one foot; over two hundred German U-boats were sunk, mostly by British mines.

During the last War I had to carry a cargo of dynamite out to Bombay. You can guess what I thought of the job, with submarines as thick as herrings all through the Mediterranean, and mines floating about like seaweed everywhere! But I got through safely.

When I reached Bombay the authorities looked at me almost as if I were a ghost.

"Well, it must be your lucky trip, captain!" I was told. "Karl Nerger's *Wolf* is hunting in the Bay of Bengal and has bagged several ships."

The *Wolf*, a famous German

raider of 6,000 tons, armed with four 6-in. guns carried 500 floating mines each trip, and ran our blockade several times.

Incidentally, the laying of floating mines which are put down to damage any ship, neutral or hospital vessel no less than warship or cargo ship, is against international law. But Germany made little of laws in the last War, and she is laying floating mines again this time.

Britain laid about 200,000 mines during the last War. One barrage contained 10,000. Another, 200 miles long, consisted of row below row of mines, some lying as deep as 300 feet, and contained 120,000 mines.

These two barrages more or less stopped German submarine activity outside the North Sea after the beginning of 1918.

Tens of thousands of mines were laid off the British coast to safeguard vital points, and many a German submarine, crawling through the shadowy green depths of the underseas to try to strike at us, touch off one of those mines.

We merchant captains had a lot of trouble with German mines. Good shipmates of mine got blown up with their ships.



They died serving their country, bringing food to the civilians—it was the sort of death that British seamen have never feared to face, and never will.—*Captain Purssey Philips, condensed from The Western Mail, Cardiff.*

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### FAMOUS SPY

CHINA's famous woman spy, Miss Yang Hui-ming, continues to defy the Japanese invaders of her country, who have offered a reward of £50,000 for her capture, dead or alive.

Miss Yang's thrilling exploits as a spy have won her the acclaim and admiration of her countrymen. To them she is like a modern Joan of Arc.

Her ability to obtain news of Japanese military plans and then escape from enemy territory to Chinese lines has repeatedly enabled her to save the lives of thousands of soldiers.

Before engaging in espionage, she was a Boy Scout organiser in Shanghai. When the war broke out she cut her hair and dressed like a boy. This made it possible for her to creep into the Japanese lines almost daily. Her success in obtaining closely-guarded military secrets in several daring ventures made her a notable war figure.—*Grit.*

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### TRANSMUTATION

TEACHER: "Can anyone tell me what causes trees to become petrified?"

BRIGHT STUDENT: "The wind makes them rock."—*The Kablegram.*



## THE ONE MAN HITLER FEARS

WHO is the real power behind the throne of Hitler? Who does all the dirty work? Who makes the wheels of Nazism actually go round? The answer is Heinrich Himmler, head of the dreaded Gestapo (a word coined from the initial letters of *Geheim Staats Polizei*, meaning Secret State Police).

Half private army and expeditionary force, half a corps of spies and executioners, the Gestapo makes it chief, Heinrich Himmler, the greatest tyrant of the modern world (says C. E. Hewitt in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, New York). When he took command in 1933 on Hitler's rise to power, he was only thirty-three years old. His career of terror has been going on ever since with increasing force.

He has purged the Nazi Party, "amputated" the army high command and loosed a pogrom with fire and sword against the Jews.

Himmler's career must appear to normal men as that of a doubtcrosser. He was the son of a Catholic schoolteacher in Munich and received a Catholic education. Today his heel treads the Catholic

Church more ruthlessly than any other in Europe except Stalin's.

During the last European war, he volunteered for the German Army in 1917, but managed never to get to the front-line trenches. He took part in Hitler's Putsch of 1923—which was a dismal failure—but turned up in the detachment which surrendered "honorably" and was not even held for trial.

His first big job was that of private secretary to Gregor Strasser, then Hitler's deputy. Strasser had rescued Himmler from a job in a fertiliser factory, and he finally argued Hitler into making the promising young man chief of a "brown shirt" division.

Then in 1934, at Himmler's express order, brown shirts pumped bullets into Strasser during the "Blood Purge."

Ernst Roehm had been a friend, too, in the early Storm Troop days. But Himmler watched his men riddle Roehm with bullets on the "Night of Blood."

Himmler, a graduate in Agriculture at Munich University, got



his real chance in 1929, when Hitler appointed him to reorganise his personal bodyguard. At the end of that year the bodyguard was 100,000 strong.

Then, when Hitler seized power, Himmler created the Gestapo, and introduced concentration camps. Himmler found 138,470 police in the Reich in 1933. Today he is chief of no fewer than 437,000 policemen—or one to every 135 people in the German nation.

Himmler's secret police has the striking power of a modern business machine. Contact men are placed in every club, factory and residential section. Liaison secret police sit in the offices of all the Ministries, including the War and Foreign Offices. All produce reports daily.

The favorite method of cleaning out "opposition centres" is to

send a Gestapo *agent provocateur* into a restless factory, for instance, and have him grumble against conditions. When sufficiently accepted by the workers as leader of the dissatisfied group, he organises a protest, usually a minor 'sit-down strike. The next day he disappears. And so do the workmen who joined him.

Hitler leans on Himmler today as never before. While making a demigod out of Hitler, Himmler has made himself into the personal devil of Germany. Where Hitler commands the respect and devotion of the Nazis, Himmler commands the fear of the whole country.

Such man is indispensable to a dictator while he remains loyal. But Himmler has a reputation for double-crossing. Should he ever turn against his leader the latter's position would not be enviable. And Hitler knows it.—*Parade.*

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### BOSTON BOY'S SANTA

UNCLE: "I hope my boy, that you believe in Santa Claus."

LITTLE WALDO: "Only as an institution, uncle; not as an entity."—*Kablegram.*



## THE GREAT ARE LONELY ALSO

IT IS amazing when you think of it, that the human race is so averse to loneliness—for everything that even borders on greatness is born and developed in solitude.

Edison would never have become the most famous inventor of all time but for deafness which surrounded him with peaceful solitude.

Byron's sensitiveness over his physical deformity, caused him to seek seclusion.

So also Scarron and Pope chose to mingle little with society, because of their physical deformities. And Talleyrand and Sir Walter Scott might have frivoleed away their talents and energies, but that each was lame, instead of courting solitude and giving their best energies to posterity.

Milton's wonderful genius came to full flower in blind solitude.

Dante produced his greatest works after he was banished into solitary exile.

John Bunyan wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Grace Abounding* and *The Holy War*, while in prison.

Sir Walter Raleigh, imprisoned

in the Tower of London, instead of despairing, improved his time by writing his *History of the World*.

Lovelace wrote much of his best verse while in prison.

Numbered among those who have been driven to seek seclusion through physical suffering or great sorrow, and from the depths of their pain have given the world some of its richest treasures, are Walt Whitman, Schiller, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wallaston and countless others.

There are talented persons, of course, who cannot endure solitude. But they are the sort of individuals who cannot stand their own company—and no one cares to associate with them for long.

However, we do not need to worry about having to compete with them, for as soon as they really start to do things and are sought after a bit, they forget all about their feeble efforts to amount to something and begin to enjoy themselves. They are out of the running.

Meanwhile, if you are really ambitious, by study and contempla-



tion you can make loneliness—if the goal of your choice.  
not a royal road, at least a good Perhaps even to a niche in the  
state highway leading straight to hall of fame.—*Your Life*.

\* \* \*

### PRESS LADY

THE tide of public opinion in France is influenced more powerfully by one lone woman than by any three men. Madame Paul Dupuy runs a dozen newspapers and a radio station, always from behind the scenes.

*Le Petit Parisien* is hers, the journal *Excelsior*, *Le Miroir de Nos Loisirs*, the *Miroir du Monde* and others with a combined circulation high up in the millions. Through their pages, she leads the thoughts of Frenchmen into channels she chooses.

*Poste Parisien*, one of the most powerful and most popular broadcasting stations in France, is owned by her, although for the duration of the war it is under Government control—this in a country where women are not even allowed to vote.

Her news cinemas were the first to discover the power of the film in influencing public opinion. And her profits as "Press Lady" amounted last year to twenty million francs. Her papers and her power are turned against dictatorships.—*Australian Digest of World Reading*.

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### MODERN VICTOR HERBERT

Not because you're fair, dear,  
Not because you're true;  
Not your golden hair, dear,  
Not your eyes of blue.  
Should you ask the reason why I love  
you so . . .  
It's because you have a new green  
Packard convertible roadster with  
a heater and a radio.—*Widow*.



## BAKER'S SON LEADS FRANCE

FOR centuries the Daladiers had lived in the small town of Carpentras, capital of County of Avignon. Grandfather Daladier was a mason; before him, most of his ancestors had been makers of bushels and sieves. His son, Claude, had broken with tradition, learned the bakery trade and had married his employer's daughter.

Edouard Daladier, born in June, 1884, was brought up in the baker's house, in an atmosphere warmed by the oven and fragrant with the invigorating smell of the new bread.

In artisans' households the wife is often the soul of the house. She keeps the shop and the books and sees to the smooth running of the business; at the same time she supervises the kitchen, the house, and the children's upbringing. This was the case with the Daladiers.

Of the five children to whom Mme. Claude Daladier had given birth, two died. The couple was left with two boys and a girl. But whilst the father was not expecting for his sons a life different

from his own, the mother, preoccupied by the future was observing a difference between Gustave, her elder son, and Edouard.

Undeniably, Gustave would be an excellent baker, he would succeed his father. But Edouard, still a child, was already successful in his first studies. He was showing an interest in books and was attentive to his lessons.

After inquiring from the schoolmaster, Mme. Daladier made her son work for a scholarship, which he won when ten years old, and which opened for him the door of the fine house where they taught Greek and Latin.

After the elementary school, and a few years of secondary school at Carpentras, Edouard Daladier had his scholarship transferred to the secondary school at Lyons, where he pursued his studies. Already, then, he had a teaching profession in view, like a good many young men without means, scholars coming from humble families. He was, at Lyons, the pupil of M. Edouard Herriot, then professor of letters and later to become



Prime Minister of France.

Examinations began to blaze his trail. He passed them one by one, brilliantly, with distinctions and honours.

He then resolved to try for the most difficult competition—the highest degree for history and geography, and he made the journey to Paris for this examination, in July, 1909.

The competition was open to 95 candidates. Out of this number 15 were successful: Daladier left the Sorbonne with the highest marks.

"A well-prepared and talented candidate. Will probably be an excellent professor."

Such was the appreciation of the work of candidate Daladier by the president of the board of examiners.

Edouard Daladier went back to Carpentras after this success, having now accumulated university degrees. The following September he was nominated to the post of master of history and geography at Nimes secondary school. His superiors noted that he was teaching "with authority and method." But, as his heading the list for his highest degree entitled him to a year's travel abroad, he decided

to take advantage of the offered opportunity and left Nimes after a year's teaching.

He left for Rome, for he had begun some important work on the Italian revolutionary movement of the nineteenth century, which achieved Italian unity.

A painful family event, the death of his mother, cast a shadow over his departure. It was in this affliction that he settled in Rome, where he did some long research work amongst archives and in libraries.

On his return to France he was appointed to a post at Grenoble secondary school. Though he had to begin teaching French history as early as October, he was already thinking of trying his hand at politics, and of standing at the next borough council elections of Carpentras. A Republican, like his father and brother, he had in the destinies of democracy a profound faith that his studies had rendered more unshakable.

However, his first political ambitions did not interfere with his professional duties for after an inspection at Grenoble secondary school the inspector-general, Mr. Gallouedec, who had been present at his classes, gave his impression



of the young master in these words:

"Mr. Daladier has a really remarkable personality and is extremely interesting to observe. He has first-class qualities and a very extensive knowledge, strongly and logically ordered in his mind. He is a clear thinker who can see and show with relief what is essential or characteristic; his teaching is alive; tone, gesture, and expression compel attention; his word is singularly firm and incisive. He has an imperious manner. Dr. Daladier is a born party chief, a born school leader."

As we see, M. Daladier could, according to his bent, either pursue his pedagogical career, or turn to politics, as the judgment of a psychologist left the two roads open before him with equal chances of success.

The council elections were to take place in May. As early as January, during the Christmas vacation, Daladier had chosen a very definite policy. He wanted to form among the left a group of young members opposed to routine.

"Mr. Daladier, junior" was brilliantly victorious and he was elected mayor of Carpentras. The administration of his small town

did not, however, prevent the new mayor to try and see further than local politics and to ponder over the French and European situation.

"We believe," he had occasion to say at that time, "that the freedom of nations is a primary condition of the progress of humanity. Our duty is to maintain at all costs the independence of our country."

That, because of the "gigantic armaments of Germany," made him anxious.

He was expressing his democratic faith and stood with his friends as an "Advanced Republican." Edouard Daladier was from that time tenaciously insisting on the foreign situation. At the beginning of 1913 he said:

"Austria is preparing for a war against Serbia," and he trusted neither the denials of Vienna nor those of Berlin.

A year later Daladier, sitting at his desk in the Carpentras Town Hall, was writing out an appeal to the population. He had, in fact, just received the telegram announcing the news of the French mobilization.

When he had taken all necessary measures to ensure the supply of provisions to his town, the re-



quisitions ordered by the Ministry of War, and the running of all services during his absence, he went back to his old house, Rue de la Tour aux Eaux, packed quickly a light bag, and left to re-join his regiment.

The two brothers Daladier were mobilised. They said good-bye to their sister, who remained alone in the house. And, for the first time for many long years, since the grandfather Mouries, since the death of Claude Daladier, the fire of the bakery went out.

War began for Sergeant Daladier in the region of Rheims.

In April, 1915, Sergeant Daladier became an officer and was thus mentioned in dispatches: "In the fighting in which he has taken a part as sergeant and as chief of a section, especially at Arras and Avocourt, he has shown coolness, energy and much bravery."

Edouard Daladier had not yet taken off his uniform in 1919 when he became engaged to the daughter of a Parisian doctor: Mademoiselle Madeleine Laffont.

As soon as he was demobilised he was appointed to a post in Paris at the Lycee Concorcet. Soon after his marriage, though, he went back to his native town with his

young wife.

He found again his brother, who was also demobilised and had just resumed the direction of the family bakery at Carpentras.

There, he began his election campaign with a view to entering the chamber of deputies as a Radical in the following November. Daladier was elected for his native Vauclus Department.

The Radical Party, to which M. Daladier has always belonged, is the supreme guardian of Republican tradition. M. Daladier then, in 1919, took his seat in the chamber of deputies on the opposition benches.

The theme of his maiden speech in the chamber was the question of Syria and Morocco; another time he spoke of the reorganization of the army. His words carried such weight and force of conviction that even the Right applauded. He was already in favour of the armed nation, a belief to which he was to remain faithfully attached.

People in political circles thought then that M. Daladier was a most likely minister. Edouard Herriot, who had been asked to form a government, offered him the Ministry of the Colonies.

Amidst the ebb and flow of



public life, the reactions brought about by economic transformations and financial difficulties, in the great effervescence that followed the war, and during which neither France nor Europe succeeded in finding again their balance, Edouard Daladier was successively called upon to assume and leave the direction of the Ministries of War, Education, and Public Works.

He had been elected president of the Radical Party in 1927. At the General Elections of 1928 he was again returned.

Soon he was assailed by family worries. After the birth of their second son Mme. Daladier had begun to feel the symptoms of the illness that was to prove fatal a few years later.

When arriving at the War Ministry in December, 1932, Edouard Daladier was at last able to give himself to the great task upon which he had set his heart. He began his work of general reorganization of the Army.

At the same time that he was carrying on with his task at the War Ministry he was asked, at the end of January, 1933, to form the new cabinet.

The announcement that Adolf

Hitler had seized power appeared in the papers just before the formation of the Daladier Government.

The next two years were troublesome ones for M. Daladier. Agitation amongst the workers and stay-in strikes in factories grew. The Spanish civil war broke out, kindling popular passions. M. Daladier, feeling the growing threat of European situation, gave more and more of his attention to the task of national defense.

In 1936, having been given the task of co-ordinating all military forces, he took the responsibility of the whole of national defense; war, navy and air. He established a sole command, trying for the first time the rational centralization of all France's defensive forces. In addition, he strove to obtain the disappearance of the last eddies of agitation in factories. He established close co-operation with Britain.

Working on a four-year plan, he equipped the Army with the most modern material and created fortified defensive units from the North Sea to the Alps. At the same time he organized for officers the college of superior studies for national defence; the committee of production of war material; the fuel committee; the institute



of scientific research.

The world has, for several years, been able to listen to speeches broadcast by the heads of different nations.

The voices that pass the frontiers often strike listeners with discordant vociferations. The ignorance of the language to which he is listening does not prevent the foreign listener from forming his opinion of the man who speaks, from the timbre of his voice, the music of his language, but more especially from his tone.

The nations have heard Edouard Daladier. They have heard him in the hours of crisis from the intimate atmosphere of the small apartment with its pale gold decoration and antique furniture, where he has installed his study as Prime Minister. From there comes a slow, deep voice, that always reveals the man "disdainful of outward show"; a man who today is ideally suited to the task ahead.—*Yvon Lapauellerte, condensed from The Toronto Star Weekly, Canada.*

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### LIBERAL PAYMENT

THEY had decided to marry, and walked into the parsonage. The clergyman performed the ceremony, and afterwards gave the bridegroom a word or two of advice.

"Thank you a thousand times, sir," the bridegroom returned, fervently. "I'm awful sorry I cannot pay you as much as I would like, sir, but—"

"That's all right—that's all right," interrupted the clergyman.

"If you'll take me down to your gas meter," continued the other, "I'll show you how to fix it so it won't register!"  
—*Kablegram.*

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## DIAMONDS: THEIR STORY

A FARMER'S child playing on the banks of the turbulent Orange River in 1868 began it all. She found a pretty stone and carried it home. A friend named Van Niekerk saw it by chance and offered to buy it. "It is only a pebble," said the mother, "You may keep it if you want it." It was later sold for £500.

Van Niekerk, no fool, began to keep his eyes open for more "pebbles." A year later a Griqua shepherd boy working on the Zendfontein Farm near the Orange River, picked up a superb white diamond weighing 83.5 carats uncut. He tempted the lad with what seemed a fabulous price—500 sheep, 10 oxen, and a horse.

Few days later, Van Neikerk sold it for £11,000, for the "pebble" proved to be one of the most famous diamonds in history. Known as the "Star of South Africa," it was subsequently bought for £25,000 by the Earl of Dudley.

Soon these chance discoveries started a tremendous rush to the fields. Thousands trekked from

impoverished Cape Province and Natal to Klip Drift on the banks of the Vaal.

"In 1870-71, ten thousand river diggers were ransacking the river soil, shaking it through cradle sieves, far too pre-occupied even to notice the arrival of newcomers. Camps were strung out from Hebron 20 miles north-east of Klip Drift, to Sefonnels, 60 miles west.

Richard Jackson had been digging on the Vaal for two years, when one of his natives mentioned a mysterious white man working "over there in the south," and finding diamonds every day.

Jackson set out with three friends in carts drawn by oxen. Over the flat parched brown veldt they crawled, with water getting scarce.

On the third day, uncertain of their whereabouts, but believing they might be near the mysterious prospector, they saw a white tent among the thorn trees to the south of Vooruitzigh Farm, owned by a farmer called De Beer. Seated at a table was a man sorting gravel.

"Jackson got down from his



cart and hurried on. The man looked up at his approach. They shook hands. 'Neef,' he said, 'ek soek diamantjes.' ('Nephew, I am looking for diamonds.') Even whilst they were talking he scrapped a two-and-a-half carat diamond out of the gravel."

Jackson called his companions and the lone worker, whose name was Cornelis, produced a match-box full of diamonds and handed them round. They had never seen so many gems in one man's hands.

The Jackson group quickly persuaded Farmer De Beer to let them peg claims on his land for a 25 per cent royalty, the same terms as Cornelis.

But their jubilation exceeded their discretion. News of the find spread so swiftly when they went back to camp for their kit that De Beer's farm was a cloud of dust by the time they returned to their pegged-out claims.

"Long processions of carts and wagons moved across the veldt where Kimberley now stands. Pniel and Klip Drift sank in importance. The diggers were going south to the dry mines. A new diamond era had begun."

To date, after 75 years, £90,000,000 worth of diamonds have

come from the De Beer's Mine. The De Beer brothers, who bought the land originally for £50, sold it for 6,000 guineas.

They lived to rue the deal, and when an Englishman, John Angove, journeying through the Free State three years later drew up a little mud hovel by the roadside, a sturdy Boer approached and asked if he was a "verdomde Engelsman" (damned Englishman).

It was De Beer. He had been cheated, he said, by an Englishman who bought his farm at Vooruitzigh. Too late he had learned that it was worth more millions than the thousands he had got for it.

Angove asked him what he would have done with six million pounds.

"I would have been able to buy a brand new buck-wagon," replied the simple farmer, "new yokes and a wire trektouw!"

Kimberley was by this time turning into a big town. Thousands of men were excavating vast holes, dangerous vertical craters of irregular depth, down which men and mules not infrequently plunged, losing their footing on the narrow roads. But not until a young man in a small cart arrived on the scene in 1872, armed



with a small library of the classics, did Kimberley climb towards fame.

He was a tall, loosely-built untidy youth of 18, by no means robust. In his high-pitched voice he spent most of the night in political debates while by day he slaved like a navvy on his claim. His name was Cecil John Rhodes. By the time he was 31 he was a world figure.

In Kimberley's enormous holes and corrugated iron shanties worked many destined to become multi-millionaires.

Among them were Barney Barnato and his brother Harry; Jacky and Woolf Joel—all poor East End Jews—Lionel Phillips; J. B. Robinson; Julius Wernher, son of a Darmstadt general; Dr. Starr Jameson, later Cape Premier; George Albu; Philipson-Stow, and little Alfred Beit, Rhodes' especial crony.

Rhodes pondered scientific underground mining and organized selling, for crude marketing of stores was causing a slump in values. He decided to form a vast combine.

"Camp life focused his ideas on three objectives—all diamond claims under one control and thus

control the world market; acquisition of great wealth to enable him to prosecute large territorial schemes; and the achievement of political power so as to attain his objectives.

In 1880, he formed the first combine of De Beers with a capital of £200,000, and was elected a member of the Cape Parliament for the diamond constituency, Barkly West. From then, until 1884, he fought Boer President Kruger, who had designs on Bechuanaland to block British expansion to the north. By 1886, with steady persistency, Rhodes had forced Downing Street to proclaim Bechuanaland a Protectorate and Kruger could no longer hope to shut the British out.

Next year, with virtual control of De Beers mine, its capital increased to £2½ millions, Rhodes began a duel with Barney Barnato, who then controlled the Kimberley Mine. Alfred Beit helped him.

After two years "the battle had become too costly even for him"—Barnato—but he and Rhodes remained friends and became allies. The price of diamonds leaped from 20s. to 30s. a carat. At 36, Rhodes controlled 90 per cent of the



world's output, "directed by far the wealthiest and most powerful company in the world, and had all the means at his disposal to prosecute his Imperial ambitions."

He created a Trust Fund for De Beers Consolidated Mines, which gave it powers such as no company had possessed since the days of the East India Company."

"The Trust Deed helped me," said Rhodes, "When I was fighting to secure the north." Through it he financed what became Rhodesia. It was directly concerned with gold-mining on the Rand. It ran the tramways and electricity supply of Kimberley, built railroads and roads, founded villages set up fruit farms and stud farms, and established great dynamite works.

When some shareholders in the Kimberley Central Mining Company challenged the amalgamation

with De Beers on the grounds that the Trust Deed was not a "similar company" and won their case in the High Court, Rhodes's action was characteristic.

He threw the Kimberley Central into liquidation, wrote out a cheque for £5,338,650, and bought the whole concern in open competition.

Rhodes died in the prime of life, at 49, worn out like many others in that strenuous period.

Barney Barnato, at 44, broken in health, threw himself off a liner. At the last meeting of De Beers over which Rhodes presided, he said, "When the policy of this Corporation is challenged, I always feel that it is no small thing to be able to say that it has devoted its wealth to other things besides the expansion of luxury."

—*News Review*.

\* \* \*

If people agitating for calendar reform have their way, we shall have a World Calendar from which the inequalities and discrepancies of our present one have been eliminated.

In this proposed World Calendar each quarter contains exactly three months—13 weeks, 91 days. Each quarter begins on a Sunday. The first month in each quarter has 31 days, the other two 30 days each. To make the calendar perpetual, the 365th day of the year, called Year-End Day, is an intercalary day placed between December 30th and January 1st, and considered an extra Saturday. In leap-years, the 366th day, called Leap-Year Day, would be placed between June 30th and July 1st, and be another extra Saturday.—*Parade*.



¶Why worry?

## THE VIEWPOINT OF A FILIPINA

THE words of an old Chinese philosopher run as follows:

"The legs of the stork are long.  
The legs of the duck are short.  
You cannot make the legs of the  
stork short;

Neither can you make the legs  
of the duck long—

Why worry!"

They explain, to a great extent, to us, at any rate, much of the calm and wise unperturbability of the Chinese, be he a rich man, a scientist, a philosopher, or a coolie.

They explain the merry wrinkles around his eyes, his tolerance and easy-going habits, and the relative serenity of his existence. They give us the reason, for example, for a Chinese friend's learning the whole of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat because the verses rested his tired nerves—he is a physician—and their mellow philosophy comforted him.

They tell us why another Chinese friend always counselled ac-

ceptance of irritable but inevitable duties which, according to her, we would find light and even pleasant afterwards (she was invariably right). She knew with a wisdom our shortsighted intellect did not see that we could not make the legs of the duck long no matter how much we fretted and fussed, so, why worry?

This is a worrying age. It has to be because it is also a hurrying age. So much to do, so much one feels left undone: enough reason for worry. But if one remembered this wise counsel of Lillian Whitting, one may hurry but needn't worry. She said: "There are two things about which one should not worry—first the thing you can help—do something about it; second, the thing that *cannot* be helped—all the worry in the world cannot change it."

So again, why worry?—*Pura Santillan Castrence, in Manila Daily Bulletin.*

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## PANORAMA QUIZ

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THIS feature is intended to test your fund of information on matters that an educated person should know. Read each question carefully. Check the answer you think is correct. After you have gone over all of them, look up the correct answers on page 64.

1. Townsend Harris was (1) *a famous American singer*; (2) *the first American consul in Japan*; (3) *the English painter of beautiful women*.

2. The largest university in the United States has for its president (1) *Conant*; (2) *Murray Butler*; (3) *Seymour*; (4) *Hutchins*; (5) *Dodd*.

3. The Finns belong to the (1) *Slavic race*; (2) *Teutonic race*; (3) *the Scandinavian nation*; (4) *the yellow race*; (5) *the Iberian nation*.

4. Hitler's followers in the United States had as their leader a man who was recently sent to jail by the name of (1) *Albert Einstein*; (2) *Fritz Kuhn*; (3) *Earl Browder*; (4) *Thomas Mann*; (5) *Ernest Hemingway*.

5. If you are informed on European affairs, you should know that Hakkila is (1) *the commander of the Russian forces in Finland*; (2) *the Turkish prime minister*; (3) *the Speaker of the Finnish Diet*; (4) *a Swedish writer*; (5) *a Danish poet*.

6. When writers use the term harpies nowadays, they mean (1) *men of great physical strength and mental brilliance*; (2) *women of beauty but of evil influence*; (3) *women who are attractive and virtuous*; (4) *bold and*

*cruel people*.

7. One of the very few masters of the English language written and spoken, in the world today is (1) *Sinclair Lewis*; (2) *Herbert Hoover*; (3) *Winston Churchill*; (4) *Nehru*; (5) *Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.*

8. The American chief executives of the Philippines in the past succeeded in occupying high government or business positions in America after their departure from the Philippines, one of them having been appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court. He was (1) *Forbes*; (2) *Murphy*; (3) *Taft*; (4) *Wright*; (5) *Stimson*.

9. In the radio program in the United States called Town Hall of the Air, this month was staged a debate between a former High Commissioner and a former Vice-Governor. These two men were (1) *McNutt and Hayden*; (2) *Murphy and Gilmore*; (3) *Sayre and Forbes*; (4) *McNutt and Nicholas Roosevelt*.

10. One of the prominent Chinese today is Wang Ching-Wei; and he has been frequently mentioned in the newspapers because (1) *he has defended bravely Shanghai against the Japanese*; (2) *he was about to be*



*assassinated on account of his pro-Chinese tendencies; (3) he has been selected by the Japanese to be head of a puppet government in China; (4) he has been appointed prime minister by Chiang Kai-Shek.*

11. Foreign magazines have been publishing the name of Miss Eva Braun who is said to be (1) *a new brilliant cinema artist*; (2) *the girl of Hitler*; (3) *a German woman spy caught in England*; (4) *a French dancer.*

12. A former Chinese general who later became a Buddhist monk, well-known for his learning in the Chinese classics, recently died suddenly after he had refused to accept Japan's invitation to head a new Chinese government. He was (1) *Wu Pei-fu*; (2)

*Wang Ching-Wei*; (3) *T. V. Soong*; (4) *Lin Yu Tang.*

13. Recently a parliamentary question was asked as to what is meant by the "New Order in East Asia," the interrogator being (1) *Saito of Japan*; (2) *Tydings of the U.S. Senate*; (3) *Prime Minister Chamberlain of England*; (4) *President Quezon*; (5) *Chiang Kai-Shek.*

14. The German pocket battleship Graf von Spee was named after (1) *a famous German general of the last World War*; (2) *a famous German admiral during the French-Prussian war*; (3) *a German admiral of the last World War*; (4) *a famous German politician during the time of Bismarck.*

\* \* \*

### A LITTLE IRREGULAR

ONCE upon a time a young man, uneducated in the facts of life, went to a doctor.

"There is something worrying me," he said.

"Tell me, what?"

"I have been married only twelve weeks. My wife seems, otherwise, a perfectly healthy woman, but something extraordinary has happened."

"Indeed?"

"Yesterday, she presented me with a perfectly normal and healthy son."

"Oh."

"Tell me, doctor, is that unusual, or bad. My friends are talking."

The doctor, a master of circumlocution, thought awhile, and said: "My friend, you have nothing to worry about. It is, I admit, just a little irregular. But it happens, fairly frequently, with the first child of a marriage. Rarely afterwards. One guinea please."—*Courier, London.*



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## Panoramic Views

SOME people mistake noise for power.—*H. M. Stan-  
sifier.*

\*

MEN want to be needed and they want to be protec-  
tors. Every basic instinct they possess makes them respond  
emotionally to those women who act helpless and who  
cling—occasionally at least.—*Rosalind Russell.*

\*

I INTEND no slur on worthy individuals whom mis-  
fortune beyond their control has brought to actual need,  
when I say that those on government relief should, like  
the citizens of the District of Columbia, surrender their  
right to vote. It is too much like a judge sitting in an  
action in which he has a financial interest.—*Maj. Gen.  
James G. Harbord.*

\*

GOOD listeners are the only people who have real  
friends.—*Loren Carroll.*

\*

IN Pampanga 90% of all the land is owned by only  
2% of the entire population.—*Pedro Abad Santos.*

\*

A CUCUMBER is bitter—throw it away. There are  
briars in the roadside—turn aside from them. This is  
enough. Do not add, "And why were such things made  
in the world."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

\*

I WOULD as soon stab a friend in the back as to kill one  
instant of precious time.—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

\*

THE English respect ability, but they distrust bril-  
liance.—*Alfred Duff Cooper.*



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## READERS' COMMENT

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*Cagayan, Mis. Oriental*—I have just read a copy of PANORAMA in a friend's library. I found in it instructive and interesting articles. It is really a handy and helpful magazine for busy people.—*Pastor C. Argayoso.*

\* \* \*

*Albuera, Leyte*—I have subscribed to your PANORAMA for one year from July, 1939, and have found that it is really one of the best magazines for entertainment and information. With the coming of the new year, I have resolved to include it in my list of reading materials daily. I have regreted that I did not subscribe to your PANORAMA earlier. However, may I know by letter if you can furnish me the copies from January to June, 1939 to make my copies for that year complete? May I further know how much you would charge me for them? Can you do the binding free for your subscribers who want to have their copies bound?—*Venancio G. Bañez.*

\* \* \*

*Sta. Barbara, San Jose, N. E.*—I regret to inform you that I failed to receive a copy of your magazine—PANORAMA last month. I consider it as one of the best in this country. It is a great source of information and a foundation of knowledge. Once I began reading it, I almost not want to stop.

I hope that you will not overlook

this fact. I expect to receive a copy for last month—December—and also for this month.—*Roberto E. Santos.*

\* \* \*

*Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental*—I did never expect that I could still receive my November copy of PANORAMA. But to my surprise I unexpectedly got it today from the messenger of our office.

I fervently hope your circulation department will, please, no longer hold me in suspense next time. As long as I'm a subscriber to PANORAMA, I don't like to miss a copy of it. It's really a great mag. It is concise and emphasizes up-to-date subjects of international import.

I expect a continuous success of the mag.—*Vicente A. Quibranza.*

\* \* \*

*Angeles, Pampanga*—I am glad to tell you I am a very satisfied reader of your publication. May you continue to advance the quality of your publication.—*Augusto Pamintuan.*

\* \* \*

*Puerto Princesa, Palawan*—Please acknowledge receipt of money order No. 4307 dated January 24, 1940 in the amount of two pesos (P2.00) in payment for my renewal subscription to the PANORAMA. I wish to take advantage of this opportunity in expressing to the publishers that I have enjoyed reading the PANORAMA for the last four years.—*Antero Rodriguez.*



## Panorama Quiz—Answers

1. The first American consul in Japan.
2. Murray Butler.
3. The Scandinavian nation.
4. Fritz Kuhn.
5. The Speaker of the Finnish Diet.
6. Women of beauty but of evil influence.
7. Nehru.
8. Taft.
9. McNutt and Nicholas Roosevelt.
10. He has been selected by the Japanese to be head of a puppet government in China.
11. The girl of Hitler.
12. Wu Pei-fu.
13. Saito of Japan.
14. A German admiral of the last World War.

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You do not have to be a writer, to win these prizes. This is not a writing contest. Any person who can read has a chance to win them. Here is a sample question: The King of England who recently abdicated was (1) *King George V*, (2) *King James I*, (3) *King Alfonso XIII*, (4) *King Edward VIII*, (5) *King Leopold II*.

This contest will close on May 15, 1940.

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